THE COMMONWEAL

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INTERNATIONAL ETHICS

IN OUR comments last week on President Roosevelt's address to the General Conference of Code Authorities which opened the second year of his administration, we remarked that those Catholics who attempt to base their social thinking—which will determine their actions—upon the principles and traditions of Christianity are now more gravely challenged than ever before to meet the problems of the period of struggle which we now have entered. In the United States, the first, exploratory, largely experimental phase of the new deal has run its course. Great benefits were won. Yet it is obvious that no fundamental basis has yet been laid for permanent economic security. Vaster struggles than any yet known are certain to develop. Outside of our country, practically the whole world is more disturbed, more shadowed by uncertainty and danger than at any time since the beginning of the crisis.

In these circumstances, the need for a solid and dependable study of world conditions, and for the suggestion of remedies for our social ills, in the light of Catholic teaching, is urgent. As a contribution toward such a study, there has been issued a report on "International Economic Life," by the Catholic Association for International Peace, prepared under the direction of the Right Reverend John A. Ryan, D.D., of the Catholic University of America, Professor Parker T. Moon, of Columbia University, and Reverend R. A. McGowan, assistant director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Sponsored by the College of Mount Saint Vincent, New York, and to be published in several languages, the report is the joint production of the Ethics and the Economic Relations Committees of the association. This conjunction of committees is symbolical. Catholics know that economics cannot be properly understood or properly applied save in the light, and by the guidance, of sound ethics.

As the study points out, the World War and the world depression resulted from a combination of economic and social evils which arose because of the almost universal neglect of moral principles in the economic field, and in the field of international politics. The power of selfishness, whether individual or national, became dominant. Yet the

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society of nations was really closely inter-dependent in all economic interests, and required a wiser principle of action than mere selfish interests could provide. Because of the absence of ethical direction, the world became subject to "concentrated and absolutistic private ownership; a mélange of competitive individualism and plutocratic monoply; and economic nationalism, economic imperialism and international bankers' imperialism." When the strain and conflict going on among these forces became too great, warfare and universal depression resulted. And unless the economic and political system of world economics is changed, the study maintains that there is "no real hope either of guiding justly and wisely the world's economic interpendence, variety and change, or of avoiding war"; and it says that the first step is the recognition that social justice, granting separate national and regional action and different applications of the principles, must be applied now on the world scale. With courage and frankness, the authors of the report present the practical implications of their ideas, which, of course, are drawn directly and lucidly from that fountain of Christian sociology, Pope Pius XI's encyclical letter on "Reconstructing the Social Order." The main purposes are as follows:

"To have governments set up in each country autonomous councils of the existing employers' associations and labor unions of each capitalistic industry and autonomous councils of comparable organizations in non-capitalistic lines of production and service, such as, in the United States, the farm cooperatives.

"To have them serve as administrators both of their single industries and services, and through federations, of all industries and services together.

"To have them so serve as autonomous but not independent arms of government and under its supervision.

"To have these national economic councils cooperate closely on the international field and grow into international economic councils of separate products and services and a joint economic council of all to administer autonomously international economic life under the close cooperation and supervision of international governmental conferences and international permanent governmental organization."

Without such world economic governmental organization, the report declared that all particular measures to meet world economic problems are only "partially satisfying" and do not meet "the whole of any phase of the one central problem."

Through it the central need of world economic life can be met, the report says. The central need is thus described: "Make the international interdependence itself efficient in producing all the goods that the changing variety of the world's resources, equipment and technique can give; distribute these goods so that the good of all universally will be obtained." Both of these needs, the report adds, are demanded by social justice.

"Such a form of organization," the report says, "permits the progressive whittling away of the two root world economic evils: absolutistic economic rights of individuals and absolutistic rights of governments, without rushing to the other extreme—denial of economic rights of individuals and denial of rights of separate governments. It does so by bringing the organized unpropertied, within separate nations and on the world level, inside the frame of economic control and by bringing governmental power out into the open and putting strength behind it to make it represent the common good of the consumers and the unpropertied and of all society both on the national level and the world level. The aim would be a new distribution of national and world income and wealth so as to meet the common good of the world."

"A social organization of the world organism will bring in the now subject peoples and classes," the report maintains. "Without them there would be permanent subjection of the unpropertied and the colonials. Without them there would be a distribution of income that would block, through underconsumption and therefore through underdevelopment, the full functioning of the material and technical part of the system and, at the same time, veto the purpose of economic life. Without them there would be failure to lift the inferior areas and to complete the world economic unity; failure to attain the needed mass consumption which would balance mass production; failure to settle the debt problem; failure to guide world production so as to prevent overproduction of certain products; failure to settle the problem of the access of peoples to new areas of settlement; failure to solve the whole problem of national and bankers' imperialism; failure to solve the wage-labor and peonage problem; failure to settle the farm problem; and failure to meet the needs of people as consumers. Without them the economic groundwork of world peace would not be laid."

The report asks that the initial stages of such organization come about through a world conference, and closes with an appeal to Catholics to lead in the "recapture" of the old principle and spirit. "The social teaching and spirit of Christ can alone remake the modern economic world," the report affirms, in that they not only "strengthen the conviction that by nature, origin, descent, blood and soul the human race is one," but "bring in the new concept, the new gospel, that all are solidarically one in their common redemption by a Person of their own nature."

We urge our readers, particularly the members of all study clubs, to obtain and use this chart of Catholic Action.

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WEEK BY WEEK

WHERE do we go from here? Observers agree that the Roosevelt administration's determined and heroic efforts to cope with the nations's greatest depression have now reached a critical point. During the past week, the shadow of government regulation moved out over more industrial and financial territory. Employers were called upon to decrease hours of work and raise wages by another 10 percent. In the offing lies the threat, already under steam, to extend the range of the C.W.A. and other federal work groups, thus compelling wealth to finance labor for the jobless in one way or another. Meanwhile Mr. Joseph B. Eastman, transportation coordinator, requested from Congress authority to place all types of carriers under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission. "It has become evident that the entire transportation industry . . . is in need of the guiding hand of federal control if a threatened chaos is to be transformed into order." Finally the further extension of government credit as a needed spur to purchasing power was revived by advocates of the bonus, which seems, as we write, to have won the support of both Houses despite the President's declaration that he would veto such a measure. In other words, the nation thinks it needs more prosperity than has as yet been provided, and the sound middle course steered by Mr. Roosevelt is facing a serious challenge.

Washington Ponders

THE DISMISSAL of Pastor Martin Niemoeller, whose church in Dahlem was for months a center of Lutheran resistance to the so-called "German Christians," may be taken as a convenient symbol of the manner in which the spiritual life is progressing under Chancellor Hitler. This energetic preacher, whose earlier life as a submarine officer and a bread-winner for a family impoverished by war and inflation casts a glamor round all he does, is a man of deep, old-fashioned convictions who realizes that the Nazification of Lutheranism would almost necessarily lead to adulteration of the Gospel. We respect his stand and his ideas. Nevertheless it must be said that men of Niemoeller's stamp formed the nucleus of stalwart conservative Protestant hostility to Dr. Bruening, whom they opposed not merely because of his "leftward" sympathies but also because he was a Centrist and a Catholic. If things have now come to so sorry a pass in Germany, not the least responsibility must be borne by those who allowed confessional differences to disrupt all plans for whole-hearted Christian cooperation. Of course we know that the Center party was also far from being an assemblage of angels, and that some of its representatives were blockheads and worse. But the lesson to be drawn from the whole German development is surely that under contemporary conditions those who profess the Christian heritage must assent to a measure of cooperation.

The German Religions

MEANWHILE the movement for a "national church" has grown stronger, and we believe that some such institution will be established in the near future. The genuine powers behind the scene are those Nazi chieftains who realize that Christianity is incompatible with a number of principles enunciated by the party and who therefore seek a religion which will provide the desired spiritual endorsement. While the principal spokesmen for this trend are Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, Count Reventlow and Baldur von Shirach, the theoretical protagonists are legion and trace descent from persons as varied as Nietzsche and Stefan George. The most violent of the potential theologians of the new "church" is Professor Ernst Bergmann, whose books sponsor a "theology of iron," which will begin "where Christianity stops." If the formation thus outlined were going to be merely just another sect, one could shake one's head sadly and yet not feel any worse than one does about other items in the catalogue of religions. But once established it is sure to get a great deal of support from the government, which now realizes that it can make little progress annexing the Catholics and Lutherans and which will prefer a struggle to a compromise. The address on Catholic education delivered by Minister Siebert, Bavaria's "wild man," is sufficient evidence that we are on the verge of a new *Kulturkampf* the outcome of which will probably not be an immediate outward triumph of the Church.

DESPITE untoward conditions in various parts of the world, Americans who believe in the amicable settlement of international disputes have not ceased their efforts to bring about some sort of international defense against war. Indeed, many of them think that now is the time for America to take some decisive step, such as officially joining and defending the World Court. On March 23, there will be a public hearing on the subject of this court before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. We are informed that associations having an aggregate membership of many millions will send delegates and participate in the discussion. Among the organizations represented in favor of the Court are the Catholic Association for International Peace, the Church Peace Union and the American Association of University Women. Of course people may legitimately disagree about the

We and the World Court

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value of the work being done by Mr. Kellogg and his associates. But it seems to us that no better instrument for serving pacific interests has ever been devised, and it has our personal endorsement and support.

The Laetare Medal

IN CONFERRING the Laetare Medal upon Mrs. Genevieve Garvan Brady, the University of Notre Dame has elected to honor a woman whose services to the Church and to society generally are most unusually meritorious. She has looked upon herself as the steward of many things—the Carroll Club, the Girl Scout movement, social welfare of various kinds, and numerous other endeavors serving a religious or educational purpose. All this has been done with rare grace, with self-effacing kindliness and with intelligent interest in work to be accomplished. Thus she will confer upon the Laetare Medal new distinction, receiving from it in turn the luster of a tradition extending over many years. The men and women upon whom the honor has been conferred form, living and dead alike, a kind of congress representing almost all activities which have engaged the energies of goodly Catholic Americans. While Mrs. Brady is not the first philanthropist to receive the medal, she probably comes nearer than any other to the ideal of generous giving and ceaseless concern with others which is one of the finest legacies of the Catholic spirit from a long past.

The Catholic Book Conference

UNDER the auspices of the Catholic Book Club, what promises to be an extremely interesting exhibit of Catholic literature is to be held at Centre Club in New York for three days, beginning next April 9. Both Catholic and general publishers are cooperating and several large exhibits from overseas have been arranged. On the first day, when a meeting of Catholic Book Club editors and cooperating publishers is to be held, the exhibition will be open to members of the Catholic Book Club only. On subsequent days it will be open to the general public from noon until ten o'clock at night and on Tuesday there will be a special reception in the afternoon for students of Catholic schools and colleges. The sense of the term "Catholic book" will include not only books by Catholics but also books on Catholic subjects which are considered accurate and unobjectionable. Books of recent years on topics of current interest will be given the greatest prominence, in some approximate proportion to the general interest of the public. Standard and scholarly works of limited interest, however, and even textbooks and reference works will also be shown. It is said that the exhibit will be the most complete of its kind. The Italian section has been arranged by the Permament Italian Book Exposition and will include publications of the Tipografia Vaticana.

THE FRENCH exhibit has been assembled by the French Book Club with the assistance of M. Martial Massioni, editor of *La Liberté* and N. C. W. C. Paris correspondent, and M. Georges Goyau of the French Academy, President of the Syndicat des Ecrivains Catholiques, a strong and able organization of Catholic writers in France. An exhibition of contemporary German books, photographs of well-known writers and autographs is also being arranged which will be as complete as circumstances permit. There will be a selected exhibit of both foreign and American Catholic magazines. A large display will show the sixty Catholic books which have been sent every month during the past five years to members of the Catholic Book Club. This association of prominent Catholic editors which selects an outstanding book each month, in the same general way that the secular type of book-of-the-month clubs serve their members, and through its bulletin recommends other current publications, has distributed over 125,000 books to its subscribers since its inception. In the face of the difficulties of publishing enterprises of recent years and the general attitude that there would not be an active demand for a high quality of Catholic literature, this has been decidedly a worth-while triumph and it is to be hoped that it and kindred developments of interest in Catholic literature will foster not only an appreciative audience but also more and more Catholic works of high merit.

Motion Picture Research

THE ENORMOUSLY important problem of the American child and the movies is being attacked so intelligently and so thoroughly by the Motion Picture Research Council that their program merits the widest possible study and cooperation. The organization headquarters are at 366 Madison Avenue, New York, but the scope of activity is country-wide, and the national committee comprises a most unusual number of the eminent and social-minded of our citizens, headed by the honorary president, Dr. Lowell, president emeritus of Harvard, and by the active president, Mrs. August Belmont. The council proposed neither to control nor to censor. Its efforts are to be directed to the intensive education of the American community, first in the statistical and psychological findings of research experts working among movie-attending children and adolescents; and secondly, in the existing commercial arrangements which force the buying of films in blocks or lots, and make community protests unavailing and in-

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dependent production all but impossible. Studies begun several years ago and not even now complete, analyzing in detail the powerful suggestiveness of movies upon the undefended childish mind, and the unquestionable moral and social harm done by the subjects and treatment of a large proportion of the present films, will be publicized, with every resource that the Council can command. At the same time, to give power to the community voice, and to open the door to the many independents who are interested in producing appropriate and superior films for children, a campaign will be made against the system of "block booking," which commits an exhibitor to all the films made by the producer he deals with, and prevents him, and hence his patrons, from exercising any effective positive choice or veto.

Study and Recreation

A VENTURE somewhat less formal than the Catholic Summer School of America at Cliff Haven, is being initiated this summer at Stamford in the Catskills. Here there already exists an extensive summer colony and many briefer vacationists, especially from Albany and from New York City, visit the colony for the customary two weeks of summer recreation. The Albany District of the National Council of Catholic Women have been put in charge of the enterprise by the Bishop of Albany, the Most Reverend Edmund F. Gibbons. A distinguished board of sponsors is headed by Dr. Blanche Mary Kelly of Mt. St. Vincent's College. Besides the usual appurtenances of swimming, tennis, golf and open country for walks and picnics, or for quiet sylvan solitude for those who have long been in city pent, there will be a series of four open retreats of three days each at the Sacred Heart Church. And every Thursday night during July and August there will be lectures by eminent Catholics. In addition to the two public libraries, there will be a library devoted to Catholic books and periodicals, and various study groups of varying degrees of ambitiousness are being planned.

IT'S A MAD WORLD

THE MORE one thinks about the matter, the more interested one becomes in those curious divinations which Professor Oswald Spengler has put into enormous tomes or compressed into hard-hitting pamphlets. He has been guilty of curious errors of fact, excusable perhaps in so enormous a synthesis as his necessarily is, and he must likewise be accused of a sour as well as inadequate metaphysic which leaves his universe looking wofully soulless and wrinkled. But Spengler has guessed a number of important truths—the collapse of the structure of what used to be termed "European civilization," the fatal poison generated by a humanitarianism which, gone too far, induces a fatty degeneration of the nerves (what a smaller and middle-class mind diagnosed as *peur de vivre*), the emergence of Caesarism, the revival of the threat of Asia. We are far from thinking that Spengler's diagnosis of these things was correct. But he was the first to notice the diseases and they exist.

For many generations, Europe has attempted to permeate a Russia more or less completely isolated from the West after the first advance of Christian missionaries. The Soviet experiment is merely the last phase of this attempt. Whereas Peter the Great had utilized the history of German and other courts in an effort to build up the world's most powerful monarchy, the revolutionary proletariat relied upon the syllogisms of modern thinkers to effect a dictatorship of the worker. Has the second succeeded better than the first? Replies to this query have long been colored by prepossessions. The Russian upheaval dominated the thinking of Europeans because the threat of class-struggle was always imminent. It was feared that Moscow agents would foment disturbances in a number of countries, leading eventually to revolutionary chaos and ruin.

Potentially of course this danger was and is very real. But today we see clearly that the Russian ideological advance in Europe has been halted. The pendulum has swung everywhere to a repressive Fascism, which rules through soldiers and the powers allied with them. Europe's social structure is now universally (with the possible exception of France) sealed against the Soviet microbe for a number of years, it may be forever. There is as little real chance for a Moscow agent in Germany, Austria and many other countries as there is for an international banker in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet. Accordingly one may conclude: the era of European influence in Russia has ended, and there has come to pass a curious Asiaticizing (if one may be pardoned so terrible a word) of the Continent. If Lord Acton was right in asserting, as an article elsewhere in this issue declares, that liberty was born in "the forests of Pennsylvania," it is certainly no less true that the kind of potentate, of strutter and sacrosanct demagogue, whom Europe seems bent on reverencing at present, conforms not with the tradition of emperors and princes but with the impressions history supplies of minor potentates subsequent to Genghis Khan.

The theme is so large and complex that a dozen books could be written about it. Here we shall note just a few major occurrences to which none of us, having to live in the modern world, can be indifferent. The first concerns Asia. While the Russians have been trying, in a slipshod way, to impose a socialistically minded industrialism upon a huge amalgam of peasants and penniless workers, there has emerged one real modern Asiatic

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power. This is Japan. For the first time in centuries, the East has a strong ruler—as efficient and as lustful of conquest as any named in the history of the Orient—master now of up-to-date industrial and military equipment. Japan has not merely the urge and the genius to command, but it is driven also by mighty economic forces. The pressure of population in Nippon has often been referred to, and is dealt with again impressively in an article contributed to the current *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. Harold Cox. This Japan is conscious of being an antithesis to Russia. Any worth-while advance on the Asiatic continent naturally brings Tokio into conflict with Moscow. Of this the Russians are fully aware, and it has them frightened. It creates an emergency making them conscious of the losses sustained during years of fanatical revolution. If Leningrad could now rely upon the leaders whom an era of upheaval sent to wander as emigrés over the whole world, the situation would be different.

The second occurence is European. Germany's reemergence as an armed power, determined to use strength in order to find an outlet for suppressed energies, will during coming years alter the political outlook of the Continent as a whole. But Germany needs an ally. For a time it looked as if a version of "pan-Germanism" would suffice. Today that belief is obsolete. In the early years of the Nazi movement, some brilliant young theorists counseled an out and out alliance with Russia; but this suggestion was voted down. Where then ought a partner to be found? At this point a number of factors combined to create a very interesting situation. The opinion of the so-called "Baltic" members of the Nazi party, notably Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, was that Bolshevism must be defeated. Whereas young firebrands, especially in East Prussia, were already thinking of dying gloriously in battles against Poland, the Rosenberg coterie thought of Poland as a possible ally against the Big Bear. Again, the stalemate in Austria and the failure of direct negotiations with France necessitated finding some major objective to which the energies of Hitlerism in the domain of foreign policy could be directed. The bigger this objective was, the better. It was expedient above all to stimulate imaginations.

At this point some of the old-timers remembered that Marshal Pilsudski had never been anti-German. The conflict in Upper Silesia had, as a matter of fact, been wished upon him by those statesmen who had pleaded the cause of Poland at Paris, London and Washington. In the balmy days of the republic, nationalistic Germans often speculated about a hypothetical bargain with Pilsudski, as a consequence of which he would take something else, somewhere, in exchange for the Corridor. Unfortunately it was difficult to think of an appropriate morsel of territory, and most of the theorists referred quite vaguely to Lithuania. All this is not so rattle-brained as one might suppose. Barring chauvinistic sentiment, Germans and Poles get along together famously. The Reich is rich in families tracing descent from forefathers who once fought valiantly with Sobieski; Warsaw numbers among its best citizens persons of sterling German ancestry. Whereas something akin to genuine antipathy exists between Teutons and Gascons, or Saxons and Czechs, history shows that even Poles and Prussians have found one another wholly assimilable. Besides Poland badly needs German organizatorial efficiency, and German industry needs the European East.

Wherefore there has now come to pass the amazing fact that in no uncertain fashion the Hitler government has proclaimed its intention of helping Poland to substitute the Russian Ukraine for the Corridor. No one is thinking of actually marching into the desired Soviet territory and annexing it. But should Russia become involved in war with Japan, or should an uprising in the Ukraine assume goodly proportions, it might be practicable for Germans and Poles to do a bit of extension work in the interests of European peace and amity. To be sure, all this still dwells in the realm of theory. It might not be easy to persuade Poles, who have made a fetish of the Corridor, that it ought to be given up. It might also be difficult to annex the Ukraine. For the present the situation is impressively significant, first because it shows that the thought of making territorial changes through recourse to arms is spreading even as confidence in the League of Nations (which Germany has abandoned) diminishes, and second because it has suddenly become clear that Russia, far from being a power menacing Europe with war, is herself a hypothetical target.

No other development could so clearly show the extent to which Sovietism has failed to master the situation created by years of revolution. Moscow, when it became Communist, did not abandon the nationalistic aims of older Russian governments. Indeed, the policies which these had inaugurated were followed to the letter, in railroad construction and military organization. There were times when it seemed as if the onward march of Sovietism through Asia and southeastern Europe would overstep even the boundaries traced by former diplomatic imaginations. But today Russia is perilously weak. Unsettled by dissatisfaction rampant in all peasant districts, hampered by separatist inclinations in some provinces, no longer master of even the essentials of mobilization, it is probably not so very far from being the peer of China as a field for exploitation by others. That is an essential—perhaps the most essential—consequence of recent world-wide disturbances.

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A WORD ABOUT MARITAIN

By DANIEL SARGENT

"MARITAIN, Maritain—" We are beginning to be beset by his name. At first it approached us from foot-notes, then from quotations of him by others, then from title-pages of his own books which have been translated into English. Beset we are, and glad we are to be beset. Our only complaint is that the manner of our being beset does not give us a complete view of his teachings or himself. Foot-notes! They tell very little. Quotations! They show what another wants to have Maritain seem to say. As for the books of Maritain which have been translated, they are Maritain as seen by the publishers. The almost complete absence of information about his life does not encourage reticence but fiction. There is need of a word about him, and at the request of a wise editor I am giving that word.

It is sometimes said that Maritain is a French anarchist who was converted to Catholicism in middle age. You have to be very young to think twenty years old is middle age. Maritain was converted at the age of twenty, after a boyhood spent in vague Protestantism, and an early manhood spent in the brilliant pursuit of philosophic learning, in which he first accepted the determinism of the Sorbonne, and then the rebellion against that determinism by the poetic Bergson. He was converted through the extraordinary effect on him, you might say shock given to him, by a visit to the defiant novelist, upholder of the rights of the supernatural, leonine Léon Bloy.

On June 25, 1905, he and his wife climbed up the steps of Montmartre to visit a man whose force of expression they had admired. He that climbed the steps was the grandson of Jules Favre, one of the founders of the Third Republic, but the enthusiasms of his grandfather had turned to ashes in his mouth. His wife was a Russian Jewess, of his age and of much his same talents, a follower also of Bergson. They looked on Catholicism as a mere prop to the State. Then they saw Bloy. After that sight of Bloy something had changed. As they went down the steps of Montmartre, Catholicism seemed to them no longer hypocrisy. These are Maritain's words:

> After having crossed the threshold of Bloy's house all the values we gave to things were put in different places, as if by the turning of an invisible switch. We knew, or we divined, from then on that "there is but one sadness and that is not to be of the saints"—the last phrase being a quotation from Bloy.

Maritain, his wife and his wife's sister forthwith became baptized, and Maritain and his wife continued their studies as Christian philosophers: at Heidelberg, at Louvain, at Paris under the Dominicans. Before the war began, they had begun to write in refutation of Bergson, in defense of Saint Thomas Aquinas. After the war Maritain was appointed professor of philosophy at the Institut Catholique, Paris, and a series of books began to flow from his pen, of which I shall mention a few. There were: "La philosophie Bergsonienne," Éléments de philosophie" (translated in part into English), "Théonas" (English translation), "Reflections sur l'intelligence et sur sa vie propre," "Antimoderne," "Trois réformateurs" (English translation), "Art et Scholastique" (English translation), "Réponse à Jean Cocteau"; three books on the Action Française affair, of which one under the title, "Things That Are Caesar's," was translated into English; "Le Docteur Angélique," also translated; various books on the relation of the intellect to prayer and of the intellect to mysticism, among which may be listed "De la vie d'oraison," which appeared originally ten years ago, and the introduction to Bruno's "Saint Jean de la Croix," which appeared in 1927, and both of which were translated into English. A recent achievement was his monumental, thorough and difficult book of one thousand pages which proclaims that it cuts things up in order to unite them, and is called "Les degrés du savoir." Finally, his latest work, "Du régime temporel et de la liberté," contains various pages which were published last spring in THE COMMONWEAL.

Maritain is personally a very gentle man, radiant, and yet it can be seen by a careful glance at the mere titles of these books that where the battle is, there Maritain is not far off. This is not due to any absence of love of contemplation in him, but to a double task he takes upon himself. Not only does he himself continue the kind of work, thinking, that Saint Thomas practised, but he wishes others so to do. He wishes to have Saint Thomas everywhere. Therefore, whenever he sees a quarrel, he approaches it with his idea of truth and error. Now, since there are usually two persons already engaged in every quarrel, when Maritain approaches them, and treats one as better than the other, he is immediately hailed by the favored one as a complete ally, and by the other one as a complete enemy. Thus because he wrote "Antimoderne" and a chapter against Rousseau in the "Three Reformers," he was treated by the Action Française as belonging completely to its group, though he never had the so-called *gout francais* which they hold indispensable.

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So Maritain had to explain that he was not of the Action Française. And then he had to explain to the philosophers like Blondel that he was not averse to mysticism. Then he had to make his position clear in the battle over modern art. Recently there has been so much talk about the social and economic condition of the world, that he, leading, as it were, Saint Thomas, has had to draw near to that confusion. Explanation has had to follow explanation. Since "Les degrés du savoir" has been written, there is little excuse in France, at least for those with eyes and ears, not to know where Maritain stands.

In America it is not quite the same. It looks as if some of the American humanists, followers of Irving Babbitt, or rather those Catholics who can better be called allies of Irving Babbitt, were going to mistake Maritain for one of themselves. It cannot be so. It has been proved not so in France. France's Babbitts look on Maritain as a dangerous mystic, untraditional. Neither does Babbittism recommend itself to Maritain, for what is Babbittism but a survival of one part of Cartesianism? And Descartes is no more and no less than Maritain's "dearest enemy." The humanism which Babbitt defended directly and indirectly may be theistic, but Maritain's humanism is theo-centric. He refuses to give up asserting and reasserting his stand for theo-centricity, and the reason he asserts and reasserts it is precisely because he wishes to separate himself from Babbitt. He is wise in this. The process which killed Cartesianism will find it easy to kill the fragment of Cartesianism: Babbitt's humanism. Maritain will not be hurt by its death.

This rather uncharitable insinuation of mine must not be thought to emanate from the charitable Maritain. The less you are a philosopher, the more you have a right and need to exaggerate. Maritain does not need to exaggerate. He is a philosopher who can speak for himself and who is heard more and more widely. His books reach strange sources and are translated unexpectedly. And his influence has been spread further by his travels. Last year he came even to this hemisphere, leaving his hospitable home at Meudon, leaving his France. He lectured at Toronto and Chicago Universities. This year in March he may visit us again. And certainly during the next academic year he will be here, a man in his fifties, but very youthful, and very friendly to youthfulness, a type of philosopher we had much better take into account, for the indications are that we shall have to take him into account whether we want to or not.

IN THE FOREST PRIMEVAL

By MAX FISCHER

IT IS obviously not true that the cultural endeavor of mankind progresses through long-continued processes of evolution, without sudden collapses of the power inherent in a given cultural tradition. There are instances of civilizations which, despite their attainment to spiritual and artistic eminence, have been suddenly blotted out at a stroke of fate and doomed to leave behind no other traces than the ruins of their cherished buildings. We are familiar with the decline of ancient Mexican culture and with the fall of the kingdom of the Incas. Still more mysterious and impressive is the destiny of the great civilization of the Khmeer in India, which must have been richer, more vigorous and more variegated than were even the civilizations of Central and South America at their best.

During four hundred years, the very monuments of one of the most creative epochs in the history of the race lay buried and forgotten in the depths of a primeval forest. It was an enterprising German ethnologist, Adolf Bastian, who called attention again and again in scientific periodicals to the fact that there existed monumental structures built by the Khmeer, and which had been visited just a little earlier by two Frenchmen, a missionary and an explorer, whom the talk of natives had led into the presence of great art hidden amid the splendors of an oriental forest. The central seat of this culture was Angkor, the capital city of the Khmeer. This is situated in Cambodia, a principality forming part of French Indo-China, not far south of the Siamese boundary.

The remains of buildings truly marvelous can be traced eastward as far as Pnompenh. French engineers have lately built a fine motor highway from Saigon to Angkor (through Pnompenh). The wall of the city, nearly forty feet high, is open just wide enough to permit a truck to pass. Above the wall are four busts of massive dimensions—heads of the Indian god Siva, of many forms, destructive and creative alike, the ever-mysterious lord of birth and death. Through this strange, awesome passageway one enters the forsaken city, which has been waiting nearly half a thousand years for someone to inhabit it. From the highway narrow footpaths lead through the brilliant green of a wilderness that seems as ancient as time itself. The crickets chirp loudly.

Then suddenly there is a break in the darkness of the woods; and between trees, underbrush and jungle grass one looks out to behold the creations

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of mighty architectural genius. More than twenty palaces and temples have been discovered to date —torsos of what was once magnificence, round about which the many-sided destinies of a working population, their joys and their sorrows, their triumphs and their deadly fears, were once decided. A few inscriptions which have been conserved, together with the report of a Chinese diplomat who visited Angkor in the year 1295 as ambassador from his Emperor, afford us some help in filling out the picture created in our imaginations by the ruins. We think back reflectively over the vital, colorful heyday of a culture long since destroyed. There are statues of nuns, in which the roots of leafy plants, greedily hungry for life, have struggled for a foothold; there are busts of famous soldiers and captains, out of which trees now grow. Four artistically wrought elephants which once graced a ruined temple stand with their long trunks and their sharp tusks in cages which the jungle has erected round about them. On the beautiful bodies of dancing girls, carved in stone by artists who tried to affirm the spirit of joyous existence, there rests sometimes a huge yellow butterfly, or an enormous dragonfly with green wings as big as the palm of your hand. And when twilight falls over the stone of palaces and temples, the air is filled with hundreds, nay thousands, of bats, who make their homes where there was once a bustle of human activity.

Another narrow path, if followed to the end, brings one suddenly and surprisingly to a vast clearing. Steps lead upward. Once upon a time there must have been a sacred lake here, the waters of which dried up. But on a tiny island in the middle of this empty sea an enormous tree has taken root and grown incredibly tall. In its trunk there stands the carved figure of a god, imperious and majestically serene. The yearning of a spiritually hungry people for inner harmony and sublimation created in this work of art an expressive image of sublime peace. Untouched, it has defied time in the old tree shrine of Neak Pean, in which a whole people met destruction, so that streets once noisy with riders on elephants and wagons drawn by mammoth oxen have been conquered by the eternal wood.

The fate of the city is an unsolved mystery; for despite the efforts of investigators, the problems of its growth and decay have not explained themselves. We do not know during how long a time this great culture flourished or whether, as one hypothesis would have it, Indian colonists transplanted their indigenous culture from the banks of the Ganges to those of the Mekong River about the beginning of the Christian era. We do not know to what extent the race of the Khmeer, which built here a new metropolis, was characterized either by a preponderance of immigrant Hindu blood or by conservation of its own blood. Half a thousand years of the history of this people—that is, the years from the middle of the tenth to the middle of the fifteenth century—are known to us in the barest outline, in so far as the structure of its cultural life, its wars with neighboring peoples and its share in the struggle between Hinduism and Buddhism are concerned.

Where rule again today the riotous vegetative energies of nature and the old natural deities of the Khmeer, where tigers and serpents lord it over the creatures of the jungle, there was once a flourishing habitat of men ceaselessly eager for life. An inscription has preserved for us the following description of a religious festival: "The multitude of banners flying in the breeze, the harmonious music which lifted itself toward the domed sky, the magical confluence of voices accompanying the melody of instruments, the dancing girls who transmuted this melodiousness into rhythmic movement—all these made the temple like unto the Paradise of the Indra." The sacrificial offerings once brought in this land now so desperately poor must have been vast and rich. Landed chieftains brought rice by the ton. In the great temple of Ta Porhm there literally flowed streams of milk and honey, sesame oil and sugar. On festival occasions one saw diamonds and other precious jewels, valuable vessels and tapestries. Yet all this display of gorgeous wealth and splendor nevertheless served in some fashion the cult of the spiritual. An inscription eulogizes as the most beautiful adornment of the feast "the laughing countenances of the wise, which are like the blossoms of trees."

The life of this city was blest not merely with cultivated sensitiveness but also with a humane attitude toward existence. We have learned that as early as the twelfth century the state government erected a number of hospitals and of homes for the aged, and that cruelty to animals was punishable by law. Did the growing humanitarianism of this epoch enervate the population and bring about its downfall? We do not know. Equally mysterious as the origin of this culture is its decline. Historians merely tell us that between 1320 and 1460 a series of wars broke out between the Khmeer and the Siamese, during the course of which Angkor was captured and sacked four times. Then suddenly all is silence concerning the greatest cultural center of medieval Asia.

Once again nature looms victorious over man, who sought to mould it creatively, uprooting forests and pushing wild beasts back to their jungle lairs. The vitality of trees and clinging vines had proved hardier than that of human beings, restless and determined though they may have been. The possible fate of all human civilization, of every human effort and achievement, is here pictured for our contemplation. Nowhere else is there made more real the truth of Goethe's remark, that all passing things are merely symbols.

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THE MAJOR DOUGLAS DELUSIONS

By GEOFFREY BIDDULPH

The name and some of the arguments of Major Douglas, protagonist of a "social credit" theory, have been widely advertised in the United States. In times past THE COMMONWEAL *has published material favorable to the plan. We now offer a paper by a British economist who dissents radically from the views of Major Douglas, which he considers vague, unwarranted and even in some ways "preposterous." In view of some recent developments, Mr. Biddulph's argument deserves careful consideration.—The Editors.*

ANYONE reading the extremely eulogistic articles that have appeared recently in various American reviews on behalf of the purchasing-power theories of Clifford H. Douglas might suppose that "the Major" (a rank he attained during the war as assistant superintendent of a Royal Aircraft factory) is one of the great political economists of all time, that his ideas—if not altogether accepted—have never been refuted, and that only a conspiracy of silence imposed by the bankers along with the inhibitions against plenty and leisure arising from "economic puritanism" prevent his well-conceived proposals being put into practise immediately. But any such assumptions would be erroneous.

When Douglas first enunciated his "theorem," it certainly attracted some attention, for it was expounded every week in the *New Age,* which under the editorship of Alfred R. Orage (who collaborated in Douglas's second book) then had some reputation intellectually. For obvious reasons however—the abstruse nature of its subject and its own ambiguity, adverse criticism and the silliness of its disciples—the new economics failed to secure much support until after the crisis of 1929. Since then, particularly in Australia, social credit propaganda has revived, it being freely asserted that Douglas alone was able to predict the crisis! Orage returned to London and renewed his weekly exposition of Douglasism; a kindred organ, *New Britain,* began to espouse the rather similar monetary theories of Professor Frederick Soddy; and Douglas managed to get debates with such experts as R. G. Hawtrey of the Treasury and Dennis Robertson, the Cambridge economist. But J. M. Keynes is said to have dismissed the Major's gospel as "so hopelessly confused as neither to deserve nor require serious comment."

The following are the main beliefs of the social credit movement: (a) That the world's power to produce is vastly in excess of its purchasing power because money, which should be "merely a ticket," can only be obtained by "going into debt" with the bankers who create and destroy credit arbitrarily, restricting it so as to secure interest on loans. The monopoly is to be broken by the socialization of credit. (b) That there is "chronic and increasing lack of purchasing power" because "the collective cash prices of the consumable goods for sale at any moment" progressively exceed "the cash credits of the population." The deficiency is to be repaired by instituting a just price through rebates of 75 percent on all retail purchases for a start, and such goods are subsequently to be sold below cost in proportion as production in general is estimated to exceed consumption, the difference between cost and just price being credited to retailers by the government. All prices would thus be regulated "simply yet scientifically" without any possibility of inflation! (c) That unemployment is mainly due to displacement of labor by machinery, and that "the increasing application of solar energy" is making general employment impossible. The alleged remedy is for the government to issue dividends for all in order to "finance leisure" and provide "new money for investment."

There are, however, delusions in this social credit system. It is meaningless to talk of the desirability of creating credit "without the burden of debt," for debt and credit are merely opposite aspects of the same thing—agreements to defer payment. Money cannot be a ticket to distribute goods from obliging producers to passive consumers, for we produce not merely that others may consume but in order to get what we require in exchange, and money is our means of account and measure of indebtedness. Tickets are receipts issued to those who have still to receive services; money consists of circulating credits paid to those who have already rendered services. Entrepreneurs borrow because it is convenient to use credit for working capital, not because there is insufficient currency, and interest is a necessity in a profiteering economy to restrain enterprising business men from helping themselves indiscriminately to our available liquid resources.

Commercial bankers are dealers in debts, not monopolists of credit, and their power to create it is controlled by the central banks. The latter, if not national institutions, are at least subject to government control, and both banks and governments are largely influenced in their policy by the conventional views of the money-conscious public. The present creation of credit by the banking system is not arbitrary; it is mainly used for financing goods in process of production, and can

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no more be "distributed to consumers" than can the bills of exchange and trade credits of which Douglas seems never to have heard.

Any excess of actual output over consumption must show itself in an abnormal increase of stocks of staple commodities and falling world prices, while excessive productive capacity would force long-term rates of interest to very low levels. In fact, however, increased stocks of commodities are a result and not a cause of depression, while long-term rates are higher now than they were in the eighteenth century, showing that the demand for accommodation rather than supply is still the active factor in determining the price for capital. The value of production must necessarily exceed consumers' income to the extent that capital is required to produce consumption goods, and accumulated wealth is greatly in excess of purchasing power because only a small proportion of such wealth comes onto the market at any time. But productive capacity can only be in excess of production to the extent that factors of production are unemployed, normally not more than 5 or 10 percent. To increase consumption immediately by more than this would be to encroach upon capital.

Admittedly we could produce far more than we do of certain machine-made products, but the statistics showing that, with a rising standard of living, output and employment tend to increase proportionately, and our experience during the war when there was little financial restriction on necessary production, suggest that an annual increase of some 4 percent in total output is about the maximum that can be maintained without considerable industrial planning and reorganized distribution—which Douglas regards as superfluous. For partly from H. L. Gantt's estimate that in 1919 the United States was only "industrially efficient" to the extent of 5 percent (a statement which possibly referred to the physical capacity of machinery, or to unused horse-power that was unlikely to be employed, but certainly not to economic efficiency), partly from the idea that production in general could be (permanently) increased like munitions during the short period of the war, but mainly as result of a monstrously erroneous analysis of credit and prices, the Major concluded that purchasing power could immediately be increased at least fourfold!

The preposterous thesis of "a chronic lack of money" is regarded by the Douglasites as proven by two so-called "theorems." The original and more popular one, commonly known as "the A+B theorem," compares consumers' income (A) with the gross value of all transactions (A+B). Because the latter exceeds the former, it is contended either that there must be "increasing deficiency of purchasing power" (the popular propagandist cliché), or (for more critical audiences) that this would be the case if the deficiency (B) were not made up by "some other form of purchasing power," e. g., by credits for new capital which consumers do not require and which only raises the cost of living, or by unnecessary foreign loans which if ever repaid throw capital and labor out of employment.

It is hardly necessary to argue that consumers' income should only be equivalent to the things on which it can be spent, and Douglas offers no argument to the contrary, he merely declares ("Credit and Democracy," page 22):

> The product of any factory may be considered as something which the public ought to be able to buy, though in many cases it is an intermediate product of no use to individuals but only to a subsequent manufacturer.

Although his whole case rests on this simple consideration, he has never even referred to it again, and except in this pasage it is omitted from statements of A+B, perhaps because it is rather difficult to show why consumers "ought" to be able to buy (or rather to finance the transfer of) goods in process of production—which is the chief function of bank credit. He seems to have confused this working capital, which is partly provided by industry itself, with the long-term loans that are mainly supplied out of savings and not by creation of credit. In fact, neither the creation of short-term credit nor the provision of funds for investment is inherently inflationary, for the former is liquidated by increased output coming onto the market, while the latter temporarily withdraws money from expenditure on consumers' goods.

In short, while the propaganda cliché that "there is chronically increasing shortage of consumer purchasing power" is a palpable absurdity, the more sophisticated statements merely amount to the truism that "we cannot purchase goods already existing without producing more." But far from demanding, as alleged by the Douglasites, "the production of goods not needed by consumers," such a condition is essential to the proper functioning of any but the most primitive economy.

As to the just price, "jejune" would be a better word than "simple" for proposals based on such an analysis. As for being "scientific," even if the "price discount" (which could only be derived from very rough estimates of general productivity and consumption) were properly and accurately calculated, it would create inconceivable confusion to apply it to all retail trade alike. For productive capacity and elasticity of demand for different kinds of goods vary enormously, and while it might prove impossible to increase the supply of certain desirable goods, there would probably be little additional demand for those which could easily be overproduced. As has been suggested

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already, the Major's idea of the latent resources available if demand were illimitable was quite misconceived, while any proper estimate is obviously something quite different to "the difference between 'total prices' and consumers' purchasing power" (i. e., the value of all transactions between traders) with which the A+B analysis identifies it. And his confusion of the two shows that he has never thought of either with any precision. At the present time, the figure by which income might be increased is about 50 percent; Douglas calculated it to be "at least" 400 percent, but on a basis of the ratio of B to A it would be about 1000 percent!

Since Douglas proposes to estimate capital expenditure as "appreciation," his figure for "production" would always be in excess of that for consumption—however great the shortage of consumable goods, and hyper-inflation of a new kind would flourish amid the confusion of bogus sales (to secure more government credits) and voluntary unemployment. His assurance that "since the new money would not be issued until after the new goods were on the market, there could be no rise in prices" is valueless. Apart from the fact that price movements start in the primary commodity and not in retail markets, and that such prices would inevitably rise in anticipation of the gigantic increase in spending, he entirely mistakes the nature both of inflation and of our present difficulties. For while the essence of inflation consists not merely of a rise in prices but of a scarcity of consumable goods, of which the price movement is merely an indication, a rise in prices of primary products now is essential to restore equilibrium.

Perhaps the most contradictory of social credit ideas are the notions that because some industries have a large surplus capacity, all (retail) prices can immediately be reduced by much more than half without any inflation, yet that our available resources cannot be used to provide any new capital without raising the cost of living and precipitating a crisis. No one denies that, if the flow of credit is violently checked, incomes will be reduced and commodities will accumulate, but the way to avoid such crises is by regulating the means of payment so that our resources are properly employed, not by the distribution of existing trade credit as cash credits to consumers.

The national "dividend" is not intended (as is sometimes supposed) to be an alternative to the just price; it is designed to supplement the rebates. For it is claimed that these discounts on consumers' purchases will only just allow all such goods to be sold, and that a short circuit or vacuum is created if "the same money is used more than once"—i. e., if any is invested. The fact that the supply of money increases from year to year, and the desirability for financing enterprises which are not immediately productive out of savings, are completely ignored in the anxiety to get access to the plenty expected from "application of solar energy." And though it is arguable that too large a proportion of the population has already succeeded in emancipating itself from useful work, all consumers are to be presented with additional gratuities regardless of needs or services in order to finance leisure.

The Douglasites seem to be unaware that similar predictions were made during the Industrial Revolution, when it was thought that machines would soon destroy the demand for labor. In fact they increased it immensely, and there is probably little more technological unemployment now than at other periods of the past century. The wants of western man are practically unlimited, and a demand for subsidized leisure is unwarranted at present, considering the enormous amount of work that has yet to be done if all those now living in squalor and destitution are to be housed in comfort and are to enjoy the amenities of civilized life. The discouragement of idleness by a decrease in the Douglas dividend would be so belated as to be ineffectual in avoiding violent disequilibrium, and communities experimenting with it would soon be glad to return to the present methods of providing income.

A movement less convinced, than Douglasism is, of the perfection of its credo might have suspected that failure to secure the support of anyone conversant with questions of money and prices could only be due to grave defects in its case. But the social credit doctrinaires remain self-satisfied, attributing their lack of success to middle-class inhibitions against plenty and leisure, the stupidity of "orthodox" economists, and the inability of the "banker-controlled" press to give due prominence to ideas contrary to "financial orthodoxy." In fact, however, the general opposition to social credit propaganda is not due to "economic puritanism" but to a dislike of its pretensions and a feeling that they are unfounded; the economic objections to the Douglas doctrine are quite rational; and like other stunts, his ideas have received far more publicity than they are worth.

Plenty and leisure are what we all desire, and the new gospel encounters opposition not because it seems "too good to come true" but because it is too obviously wrong to be plausible. We suffer want in the midst of abundance not because "a formidable conspiracy of silence" prevents the institution of free credit, uneconomic prices and unearned dividends, but because those in control of monetary affairs have been much too timidly conventional to allow practical reforms, and prefer that our natural resources should be wasted rather than risk loss of prestige and control by admitting their policy has been entire wrong.

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LIBERTY AND LORD ACTON[1]

By FRANK E. LALLY

PERHAPS one of the best-remembered facts of Lord Acton's life is that he planned to write an exhaustive history of liberty—indeed one might properly say a too exhaustive history since his book, brought down to 1880, was to occupy at least 100 volumes. Contrary to general opinion, he began the stupendous task of writing that book, and was in its clutches from 1880 to 1884 in which year he abruptly turned from it and left it forever on the stocks.

There have been many conjectures on his action—some of them fair, others not. Acton, himself, has given, it seems to me, an explanation for his change of mind. During the time he was occupied on the book he said that he found it tiresome; that he had no encouragement to production; that he was without sympathizers; that nobody would agree with what he had to say in it; and, hinting at his incessant note-taking, that he had come to the conclusion that he had no literary ability, and that his only gift was that of sticking eternal bits of paper into innumerable books and putting larger bits of paper into black boxes. And thus it was, according to Acton's own statement that a history, which rested on the vastest preparation—of which the collection of his immense library was but a mere part—remains a loss to historical and political literature.

But notwithstanding his failure to carry out his great plan he never lost hope of realizing at least a fragment of it. In his Inaugural Lecture at Cambridge, delivered more than a decade after he deserted his *magnum opus,* he expressed what seems to me a hope and even an expectation that it might fall his lot as Regius Professor to trace the development of the idea of liberty through the checkered scenes of English history; and in his lectures at Cambridge from 1895 till 1902 he is seen often going out of his way to trace the idea not only in English history but also in the still more checkered scenes of modern European history. And thanks to this bent we are enabled to get a glimpse, albeit very faint and meager, of the picture he might have drawn had he realized his gigantic scheme. And not only in the Cambridge Lectures, but also in the numerous collected and uncollected writings of Acton's, one may without looking hard see him untiringly at work on his beloved theme and catch therein something more of the ideas the book of his dreams would have contained and magnificently illustrated. This, at least, is my opinion which is based on a careful study of all I have been able to find from his pen; and it is my hope in this article to support this opinion. It is to be understood, however, that my discussion on this point has no reconstructive object—that it is not an imagined outline of what Acton might have said in his "History of Liberty," but that it is merely an awkward summary of his philosophy of the great idea which so enwrapped and filled his soul that there is no exaggeration in Herbert Paul's remark that "Upon that noble text, 'Where there is the Spirit of the Lord, there is liberty,' the life and writings of Lord Acton are a sermon."

Those, however, who would like a kind of outline of his "History of Liberty"—or one might better say a vignette, since it gives but the head and shoulders—need not remain without some small gratification of their wish, thanks to "Studies in Contemporary Biography," in which Lord Bryce vividly and impressively describes how Acton was dominated by the idea he failed to realize. Bryce writes:

> Late one night, while I was staying with Acton at Cannes, the idea found vent in speech. Acton spoke for six or seven minutes only; but he spoke like a man inspired, seeming as if, from some mountain summit, high in air, he saw beneath him the far-winding path of human progress from dim Cimmerian shores of prehistoric shadow into the fuller yet broken and fitful light of modern time. The eloquence was splendid, yet greater than the eloquence was the penetrating vision which discerned through all events and in all ages the play of those moral forces, now creating, now destroying, always transmuting, which had molded and remodelled institutions, and had given to the human spirit its ceaselessly changing forms of energy. It was as if the whole landscape of history had been suddenly lit up by a burst of light. I have never heard from any other lips any discourse like this; nor from his did I ever hear the like again.

Acton began the book which was to describe in full that wondrous vision with 100 definitions of liberty; and after he abandoned it, he continued to exercise his "only gift" so well that at the time of his Inaugural Lecture his collection of definitions had grown to 200. The vast majority of these however are not to be found in his writings, so that if one would have them it would be necessary to consult his innumerable book slips and the black boxes. Indeed Acton has been so sparing of definitions of liberty in all his published writings that all that can be gleaned from them can be counted on one's fingers. But these are varied enough to mark here and there the long course of political thought that reaches back from

[1] This is the first part of a two-instalment article on a great man and his interest in a topic never more important than at present.

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Calhoun to Zeno. Yet, despite his parsimony in giving us his findings in this respect, he attached the greatest importance to this phase of his collecting, because, as he said, "This wealth of interpretation touching the true nature of liberty, has caused more bloodshed than anything except theology." Notwithstanding this, we are not specially interested in the 200 definitions which he spent years in gathering and then hid nor even in the handful which he has scattered through his writings, but everyone acquainted with the rich worth of Acton's thought must be interested in his own definition of the word which he said resembles the Arabian for camel in that it enjoys more definitions than any other object in nature.

According to Acton, and he makes his notion very clear in his long review of Mill's classic on the subject, liberty is not that individual freedom which each person requires for himself, but it is a general political medium in which each man lives and moves as he breathes the atmosphere.

> By liberty I mean the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes to be his duty against the influence of authority, and majorities, custom, and opinion.

Holding this notion he necessarily denied that "the noble savage" lived and moved in any such political atmosphere. Liberty, by this definition, cannot be an aboriginal element. On the contrary, as he teaches, it occupies the final summit of things political, is a thing that has profited by all the good and suffered by all the evil that history records. Exalting it *in excelsis,* he says:

> It is almost, if not altogether, the sign and the prize, and the motive in the onward and upward advance of the race of which Christ was crucified; and as a refined essence which draws sustenance from all good things liberty is clearly understood as the product of civilization, with its complex problems and scientific appliances, and not as an elementary possession which has been so often traced to the primeval forest.

In Acton's opinion the theory which made liberty the aboriginal property of savages was "an invention of men without fastidiousness in their political tastes—of men like Montesquieu and his school"; and the tracing of the free institutions of Europe and America to the life that was led in the forests of Germany he pronounced one of the desperate enterprises of historical science. To the teachers of that notion, he says:

> The acquisition of freedom is a very slow and tardy process. The great social independence enjoyed in the early periods of national history is not political freedom, for the State has not yet developed its authority or assumed the functions of government. A period follows when all the action of society is absorbed by the ruling power, when the license of early times is gone and the liberties of a riper age are not yet acquired. These liberties are the product of a long conflict with absolutism and of a gradual development, which by establishing definite rights, revives in a positive form the negative liberty of an unformed society.

Acton supports his thesis on the slow growth of liberty in several of his writings by impressive and convincing argument, but nowhere is he so impressive and convincing as in two lectures he gave in 1877 on freedom before and after Christ. In those lectures, which form the opening chapters of a volume of his writings, published in 1907 under the title of "A History of Freedom," he marshals a truly erudite array of facts to show that liberty is the delicate fruit of a mature civilization, so mature indeed, that, he says, scarcely a century and a half have passed since nations which knew the meaning of the term resolved to be free.

Yet if he teaches that liberty is a new possession of mankind, he by no means denies that the idea of liberty is very old. On the contrary, he sets the place and time of the origin of the idea far back in antiquity, giving Athens as the birthplace and the time as 2,516 years ago. But, he says, the good seed sown by the Greeks grew so slowly that almost twenty-four centuries passed "before the ripened harvest was gathered by men of the Anglo-Saxon race." Or as he more definitely puts it, in the first of the two lectures referred to, "so slow was liberty's growth that until the American Declaration of Independence a history of freedom would be a history of a thing that was not." And it was on these grounds that he wrote a correspondent in 1887 that it was from the forests not of Germany but of Pennsylvania that liberty came forth to spread slowly over the world.

In giving reasons for the extremely slow growth of liberty Acton is unusually generous; and one can gather abundantly from his writings what he considered the chief obstacles to mankind's progress toward freedom. This he tells us first in sweeping but accurate and appreciable terms, has been beset in all ages by a phalanx of most stubborn if not unconquerable enemies:

> By ignorance, superstition, by lust of conquest and by love of ease, by the strong man's craving for power, and the poor man's craving for food. During long intervals it has been utterly arrested, when nations were being rescued from barbarism and from the grasp of strangers, and when the perpetual struggle for existence, depriving men of all interest and understanding in politics, has made them eager to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage, and ignorant of the treasure they resigned.

Among the less obvious yet equally potent obstacles which he discusses the four following deserve attention: (1) confusion regarding the true nature of liberty; (2) excessive respect for law;

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(3) the political quietism of the early Christians; and (4) the failure of the sixteenth century to carry on the political work of the Middle Ages.

Acton accounts the confusion which he says has always reigned among men regarding the true nature of liberty the most stubborn foe that freedom has met:

> The liberty and progress of mankind has met no obstacle so constant and difficult to overcome as confusion touching the true nature of liberty; false ideas have wrought more injury to its advance than hostile interests, which is recorded in the increase of knowledge as much as in the improvement of laws.

On this profund observation which Acton alone is justified in making, the first chapters of his "History of Liberty" were to be a dissertation. But unhappily since he has denied us even the first volume of that work, to the composition of which he devoted four years, we cannot feel with him the weight, although we can concede the truth, of the observation.

As to excessive respect for law having been a serious obstacle to liberty's advance, even an ordinary knowledge of Roman history will support his statement that under the empire "love and appreciation of liberty were absorbed by respect for law—so that at the time of the Teutonic invasions the latter alone survived."

This doubtless was in accord with the nature of things under the empire, yet in Acton's opinion the evil was greatly aggravated by the tardy recognition by Christians of the political mission of their faith. What he says on this point because he puts it so well deserves rather full quotation:

> At the beginning of the Christian era the popular government existed, and also mixed government; but there had been no limited government, no state the circumference of whose authority had been defined by a force external to its own. That was the great problem which philosophy had raised, and which no statesmanship had been able to solve. Those who proclaimed the assistance of a higher authority had indeed drawn a metaphysical barrier before government but they had not known how to make it real. All that Socrates could effect by way of protest against the tyranny of the reformed democracy of Athens was to die for his convictions. The Stoics could only advise the wise man to hold aloof from politics keeping the unwritten law in his heart. But when Christ said, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's," these words spoken on His last visit to the Temple, three days before His death, gave to the civil power under the protection of conscience, a sacredness it had never enjoyed and bounds it had never acknowledged; and they were the repudiation of absolutism and the inauguration of freedom. For Our Lord not only delivered the precept but created the force to execute it. To maintain the necessary immunity in one supreme sphere, to reduce all political authority within defined limits, ceased to be an aspiration of patient reasoners, and was made the perpetual charge and care of the most energetic institution and the most universal association in the world. The new law, the new spirit, the new authority, gave liberty a meaning and a value it had not possessed in the philosophy or in the constitutions of Greece or Rome before the knowledge of the truth which makes us free.

But as Acton well points out, the early Christians gave no evidence that "a new power had come forth from Galilee giving what was wanting to the efficacy of human knowledge to redeem societies as well as men," but much to the contrary appeared quite unaware of the new law, and spirit, for they accepted as hopeless and inevitable the despotism that crushed the world. The first striking fact of Christian history in Acton's opinion was the slowness with which an action destined to be so prodigious became manifest. Christianity in its infancy, he says, had none of the character of a political apostolate and was so absorbed by its mission to individuals that it did not challenge public authority; and of its professors he says:

> They were so much overawed as to imagine that the fall of the State would be the end of the Church and of the world, and no man dreamed of the boundless future of spiritual and social influence that awaited their religion among the race of destroyers that were bringing the empire of Augustus and of Constantine to humiliation and ruin. The duties of government were less in their thoughts than the private virtues and duties of subjects; and it was long before Christians became aware of the burden of power in their faith.

They so cherished their citizenship of a kingdom not of this world, that they avoided contact with the State and despaired of an empire that seemed too powerful to be resisted, too corrupt to be converted, beyond all hope of regeneration and foredoomed to perish.

Ye Who Mourn Be Comforted

As eyes that love grow tender after tears,
So sorrow gives the hand a gentle touch;
Then, Mother of all Sorrows, still the fears
That hold the world in unrelenting clutch.
Sustain the weak, and calm unquiet hearts
And minds as restless as the shifting sand.
More potent far than all the finer arts,
Is vibrant language of the heart and hand.
O give them courage now to dig the field
And gather fruits of labor, trusting God.
Beyond all thought will be the harvest yield;
For lifeless wheat will blossom at His nod.
As limpid water crimsoned into wine,
To show the power of the Living Vine.

SISTER MARY EULALIA.

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LES ILES DE LERINS

By PADRAIC COLUM

WHERE the yachts of the world's millionaires are I saw a steamer ready for departure: a placard said it was bound for the islets of St. Honorat and Ste. Marguerite—the Iles de Lerins. I went on board. As the steamer hastened toward the pine-clad islets, twenty minutes and a half-hour outside of Cannes, I told myself that after all and at last I was on my way to the place that I had long intended to make pilgrimage to—the islet on which my country's patron had been—St. Honorat, where, member of a community the elder saint had founded, Saint Patrick had spent some time.

My fellow passengers had no thought about Saint Patrick, or even about Saint Honorat. They were of the populace whose custom it is to spend Sundays on these islets in the Ligurian Sea: street-car conductors and concierges from Nice with Madame and Baby, equipped with fishing-rods and baskets and supplied with wine and comestibles; boys and girls out of department-stores who get much fun out of each other's humors; laundresses; young working-girls who have made their own dresses and are sure they are very chic and who keep to themselves but would probably tolerate an advance of a not too alarming nature; young soldiers who are being treated to an outing by an aunt or an uncle; a nun who is being taken out by her sister, but who, even on an outing, keeps a habit of silence. All had the good spirits of French holiday-makers—something quite distinct from the Coney Island and Hampstead Heath spirit: this populace is trained to have a feeling for the esthetic and historic scene.

The bulk of my fellow passengers got off at the larger islet—Ste. Marguerite. I stayed on until the steamer reached St. Honorat, on which is the Abbey of Lerins, the islet that Saint Patrick stayed on. It was something to see this islet in the sparkling sea and to realize that here a devoted man had prepared himself for a mission to a land that was far outside this Mediterranean world.

I said something about Patrick to the Cistercian monk who conducted the visitors through the monastery. Yes, he said, Patrick was a worthy man and the community had many good memories of him. I was surprised at the actual recollection that his tone implied. But then I discovered that the abbots of Lerins often take the name of Patrick. So it was an abbot he spoke of, not the missionary. He showed us many ancient things—pre-Christian things, too. But it is not the ancient, but the every-day things of the abbey that take us back to the time when this islet kept some cultivation in a Europe beset by Huns and Visigoths. It is in the hymns sung and the prayers said; it is in the benediction given to us; it is in the bottle of wine and the bottle of oil and cruse of water on the tables in the refectory where the monks eat silently; it is in the order that gives a sense of watchfulness and withdrawal.

The strong, high tower that rises above the sea was originally a fortification to protect the community from the Saracens. But the monks were a long while upon the islet by that time. Saint Honorat was here when the world was still Roman. It was to his successor that Patrick came. I look upon a fresco f Saint Honorat, his community about him, banishing the serpents from this place; one has wound itself around a tree and looks as if it would take a good deal of spiritual force to dislodge it. What a curious coincidence it is that both Saint Honorat and Saint Patrick have the legend of serpent-driving attached to them. Saint Honorat had a sister: she was Sainte Marguerite, and her convent was on the larger islet; often she would come over to talk with her brother. But Saint Honorat was very resolved to give all his time to the thought of God and the work of the community, and he ruled that she was to cross over only when the cherry tree on the side of the islet facing hers was in blossom. The blossoms stayed on that particular cherry tree long after they went from the others, and Saint Honorat, understanding that the conversations that solaced his sister need not draw him from God and the work of salvation, then let her come when she would.

Mounting the tower I look over the pine-covered islet, over the sea, too, that with its gleams and ripples is like a net, and toward the mountains which are coned, humped and serried. I can see another islet—a small, rocky one—and a man who is also on the look-out tells me a surprising thing about it.

A fiddler who lived into the middle of the nineteenth century was accused of having made a bargain with the devil. Need I say that his name was Paganini? Well, on his way to Genoa, his native place, he died in Nice of a cholera that was raging there. His son was with him; he took the body on a ship to have it buried in Genoa. The Genoese clergy refused burial to Paganini. The body was taken to Cannes, but Cannes refused to let it be landed; it was taken to Marseilles, and Marseilles refused burial to it. Then the ship with Paganini's body sailed for Genoa. On the way the little islet that we see from the tower was sighted. There was no living person on it to raise any objection, and so the body was landed and buried. All this information had some present interest for me, for I had, just the day before, happened on the house that owns to being the place of Paganini's demise. But I should rather say that it emblazons itself as that. For it has a tablet on which appears the name of the artist who composed the inscription and the name of the one who carved it. And it is fitting that these names should be given, for it would be hard to find a better carved or a more eloquent inscription. It is in Latin and it says that in this city that potent bow was last exercised and that from this house the musician rose into the fountain of eternal harmony. The house is in a street neighboring the cathedral in Nice. As for the islet, it has to be said that the body no longer rests there: five years after its burial his son disinterred the remains and brought them to Genoa where all that is mortal of that strange magician-musician was given proper burial.

And now for Ste. Marguerite. A fortress that does not look dismantled stands up at one end of the islet. Golden broom spreads under the dark, bending pines. There is a restaurant; I overhear one of the young sheiks

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of the department-store offer, in the tone of a man of the world, cocktails to one of the young ladies. The offer is spurious, of course, and the proper, deflating reply is given him. The street-car conductors and the concierges are tranquilly fishing—they'll catch nothing, but that won't matter. I find the restaurant; the boys and girls are drinking "Limonade" and entertaining each other with songs and recitations; the young gentleman who had made the offer of cocktails is giving an imitation of Maurice Chevalier which I find more tolerable than the original. And having no one to dance with, no one to recite to, I go toward the fortress which looks as if it had been a long time garrisonless.

The cobbled way goes up in tiers. On each side are the most majestic of wild flowers, towers of white blossom overlaid by mauve in which big black golden bees are foraging—the acanthus. There is a broken-down guard-house and beyond it an iron-studded postern. I enter a courtyard or drill-ground. There is a clock that has been stopped and a bell that hasn't been rung and a well out of which the bucket hasn't been drawn up for hundreds of days. A barrack was in the fortress. The rows of dwellings are in good repair; a cypress stands upright in a yard; an aloe like a stack of grey-green swords gives an exotic touch to the empty scene.

A barrack that is crumbling and a fortification over which the grass is growing have high romantic interest. One hears the last roll of the drums and sees the flag dropping down. I think of the soldiers' wives who planted the geraniums before the doors of the married quarters: they are a jungle of scarlet blooms now. The barrack is modern but the fortress has centuries behind it. As I stand before it something in the setting, in the atmosphere, suggests a Dumas adventure to me. And the suggestion is not inapt, as I am to discover.

Marshal Bazaine, sentenced to twenty years detention for his unenterprise, was in this fortress. But the Marshal had friends; he was able to make his escape from the islet after seven months of watching the Ligurian Sea and he spent the rest of his days in Madrid. Very likely the authorities were willing enough to have him slip down a rope and get into a boat on a not too bright night. But Ste. Marguerite held two more notable prisoners: the man who wore the iron mask and the man who invented the steamship.

The second of these interesting personages was sent here for getting ahead of an influential courtier in a love affair. He was Claude de Jouffroy d'Abbans. From the cell that the Man in the Iron Mask had been in he watched the convicts laboring in the king's galleys and perhaps some fellow-feeling caused him to dream of a way of ending this immemoriably dreadful toil. He thought of a boat driven by steam and he achieved the making of one. But it was ignored by the government and by the public. At the present time they are putting up a plaque to his memory in Ste. Marguerite, for it is just one hundred and fifty years since he was there. I care more for the Man in the Iron Mask than for this man of unpatented invention. I go into the cell where he was kept (the Man in the Iron Mask, I mean, but they were both in it). It is spacious enough and it has a high ceiling; the chair he used is hanging on the wall. He had room to walk about. But the window has a grille of iron bars, with another grille beyond it, and another beyond that again. As I look through the bars I see a butterfly lighting on the stones outside. Its spread of wings is as wide as my two palms together. Butterflies certainly attain considerable dimensions on the islet of Ste. Marguerite.

I Wish I'd Been There

I wish I'd been there, I wish I'd been there
When my Lord was crucified;
I'd have stayed when His disciples fled
With Mary and John to bide;
I'd have tried with my love to comfort Him
With words of love, as He died.

I'd have felt the thorns pierce sharp in my head
The pain as His arms were wrenched wide,
I'd have felt the nails drive in my hands and feet
The stab of the spear in my side;
At the thought that I could not come to His aid
With blinding tears I'd have cried.

I'd have bought for a price His seamless coat
From the soldier whose dice had won,
I'd have folded it round His wounded form
When the cruel work was done,
I'd have tenderly covered His nakedness,
The beautiful Holy One.

And when the thief cried out to Him
Through love and trust made wise:
"Remember me, Lord," from my heart
I'd have heard this prayer arise:
Grant, Lord, that I too have a place
The least in Thy paradise.

And when in His need He cried: "I thirst"
I'd have raised with these hands of mine
To His fevered lips the sponge, not wet
With vinegar nor wine
But drenched and cool from a well, filled deep
With water crystalline.

And when He saw Mary droop with grief
And said to John close by:
"Behold thy Mother," then from me
Would have broken a longing cry:
O, Mary Mother, lean on me
For thy son, too, am I.

Then when He said: "It is finished"
And gave up His spirit lone
I'd have thought: Thy Mother and Friend kept faith
And one poor soul of Thine own
Who stands for the endless loving throng
That shall kneel some day at Thy throne.

WILBUR UNDERWOOD.

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ASCENSION DAY

By LADY MARIE LOUISE RUSSELL

PIUS XI in the holy centenary of the year of the Redemption wished to celebrate the Ascension of Our Lord by a memorable act, befitting the spiritual glory of this great feast. On Easter Day he blessed the people from the loggia of St. Peter's, and he longed to extend his Apostolic Benediction once again to the thousands of faithful daily pouring into Rome for the Jubilee Year. On Ascension Day, for the first time since 1870, he entered the Basilica of St. John Lateran in state, assisted at pontifical High Mass and thereafter blessed the people from the loggia above the church.

There were rumors that Pius XI would follow the tradition of his predecessors in the days when Rome was a papal state and drive through the streets in his gold coach surrounded by his court and by his Guards. Only on Wednesday, May 24, was it officially known that the Pope would go to the Lateran by car, very likely in the early hours of the morning before the city was astir. The basilica was to remain open to the public and only very fed places would be reserved. . . .

The dawn of the Ascension floods the mother church with the golden light of Rome and the great figures of the Redeemer and His Apostles stand out against the opalescent sky like glorious heralds here on earth of the Divine promises made by Our Lord on this day.

Slowly several motor cars emerge from the precincts of the Vatican City and wend their way through the streets, practically unnoticed. The Duce, however, is this morning to hold a review of motorcyclists and the Via del Impero, the new road which links the Piazza Venezia to the Colosseum, is closed to the public. Carabinieri bar the passage and when the Holy Father's cars approach they are refused admittance. Pius XI raises the blind, which had been kept lowered up to this moment, and on being recognized, he blesses the Italian police officers, who fall on their knees and then make way.

Meanwhile St. John's is rapidly filling and its usually cold and austere aspect is changed into one of festive expectancy. Hundreds of crystal chandeliers hung in festoons across the nave, reflect the rosy glow of the crimson hangings, and millions of candles throw their glittering light against the heavy golden roof. A small procession wends its way out of the vestry, toward the main entrance. It is the Cardinal-Vicar Marchetti Selvagiani, Archpriest of St. John's, who in a few moments will welcome the Vicar of Christ to the *Patriarcale Arcibasilica Lateranense.*

The tribunes erected on either side of the high altar are filled. On the right-hand side the Papal Nuncio to Italy, Monsignor Borgingini Duca, is seen next to representatives of the Italian government, as well as the Governor of Rome, Prince Boncompagni Ludovisi. Behind them are the Roman nobility, among them Prince Orsini, and in a tribune of their own, the Holy Father's family. On the left, representatives of over twenty nations accredited to the Vatican have taken their seats, near the King of Spain and other foreign royalties, while Prince Chigi, Grandmaster of the Sovereign Order of Malta, is escorted by a guard of honor, and finally Mr. de Valera, President of the Irish Free State, enters, accompanied by the Irish Minister to the Holy See. The gorgeous uniforms contrast vividly with the somber appearance of the ladies in their black dresses and veils, a picture seen nowhere but in Rome.

Cardinal Sincero enters the vestry, to robe for the pontifical Mass which he is going to celebrate. Suddenly a word of command is heard and a detachment of Noble Guards, in the scarlet tunic and white breeches of their full dress uniform, take up their position on either side of the Faldistorio placed in front of the high altar for the Holy Father, while the picturesque appearance of the Swiss Guards, standing at attention down the center aisle, adds to the colorful scene. A hush falls over the church. It is a tense moment, the significance of which no one present can fail to recognize.

To the Catholic, the fact that the successor of Peter and the Bishop of Rome is soon to enter the mother church of Christendom, there to occupy the throne which has remained vacant for sixty-three years, fills him with overpowering joy, almost too wonderful to believe.

For the Roman citizen the thought that the Pope is once again able to take up the tradition of his predecessors, is deep with emotion, while the Italian welcomes the peace between his country and his Church, as a great grace of God.

Finally, the non-Catholics, of whom many are present, cannot fail to be impressed by the historic importance of the occasion and, even if they are unable to understand the all-embracing sacredness and the innermost living reality of this ceremony, they must feel the greatness of tradition and the unconquerable strength of the Rock, before which more than 300,000,000 souls bow in devotion and obedience.

The long procession is now moving up the aisle. Heads of religious orders in their varied habits, members of the Holy Roman Rota, patriarchs of the Oriental Rite, bishops and canons slowly wend their way into the sanctuary. Then at last the eagerly awaited sound of the silver trumpets announces that the Holy Father has entered the basilica. Pius XI in a gorgeous white and gold cope is seated on the Sedia Gestatoria. A canopy is held above his head and the famous flabelli are carried on either side. Before him walk the cardinals, followed by the *Principe Assistente* and all the papal court, while the Chamberlains of Sword and Cape and the Pope's clerical household closely surround the Sedia. The delirious acclamations of the crowd almost drown the sound of the papal march, although the Holy Father has repeatedly expressed the wish that the faithful should bow in silence at his passing. Nothing however will restrain them today, not even the sacred relic of the true Cross which His Holiness holds high, as if wishing to impress upon everyone that it is the symbol of the Redemption which they have come from all parts of the world to venerate and that he is but the instrument through which God has called them to this Holy Year of Remembrance.

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"We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee, because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world."

This is the watchword the Holy Father bids His children remember when they make their pilgrimage.

As the Holy Father reaches the sanctuary, the glorious voices of the Lateran Choir welcome him with their triumphant greeting:

"Tu es Petrus et super hane Petram, edificabo Ecclesiam meam."

Slowly the Sedia is lowered and Pius XI walks to the Faldistorio where he kneels in prayer. The master of religious ceremonies meanwhile places the relic of the Cross on the high altar, where it remains throughout the Mass. Cardinal Sincero immediately begins the Sacred Rite with the deacon and subdeacons, and the Pope retires to his throne, where he receives the homage of the cardinals. The ceremony of the Capella Papale proceeds with all the solemnity of the ancient Liturgy and the prayers, the Epistle and the Gospel for the feast of the Ascension carry their messages of hope and comfort to many a weary soul. After the reading of the Epistle the Paschal candle is extinguished and when the Gospel is ended, a student of the Collegio Capranica, following an age-long tradition, delivers a short Latin exhortation before the Holy Father. The magnificent voices which fill the great church with hymns of supplication and praise rise to ever greater beauty and fervor during the Credo and the Sanctus, which finally calls the faithful to prepare on bended knees for the coming of the Lord.

As the supreme moment of the Holy Sacrifice approaches, Pius XI kneels once more before the altar and at the elevation of the Sacred Host when the swords of the Guards flash in the candlelight as they present arms, the Vicar of Christ, united in fervent prayer with thousands of souls committed to his care by his Divine Master, bows down in ardent worship before the glorious Majesty of the King of Kings. Earthly pomp fades away before the Great Mystery of Faith and every heart, conscious of the all-embracing Presence of God, humbly adores Him in the Sacrament of His Love.

The officiating priest, having implored God to accept this holy oblation, begs for an increase of grace and a saving from all evil for the faithful and then prostrates himself in Holy Communion with Jesus Christ.

The strains of the Agnus Dei join in the prayers for mercy which so many souls offer before the Throne of God. . . .

The Mass is ended and the Holy Father standing on the steps of the episcopal throne gives the Apostolic Blessing.

Crowned this time with the triple tiara, he once more mounts the Sedia and the silver trumpets sound the papal march, as the procession slowly moves out of the basilica.

The loggia above the atrium of St. John's has meanwhile become a scene of movement as diplomats, Roman princes, representatives of the Italian government and their families have taken up places near the center balcony, there to receive the Holy Father's Blessing and his Jubilee Indulgence, given likewise to the vast crowd below.

It is twelve thirty and a blazing sun beats down upon the great piazza, which is black with people. Undaunted by heat or glare, they have assembled since early dawn. Several Masses have been celebrated in the open air, so as to enable those whom the basilica could not hold to take part in the Holy Sacrifice of the feast of the Ascension.

The atmosphere is one of eager expectance, as the crowd who were happy enough to find places inside the church pour forth and swelling the numbers of those outside, announce that the great moment is at last drawing near. A flourish of trumpets heralds the Holy Father's approach and a deafening roar of welcome rises out of thousands of throats, while handkerchiefs flutter in the air like a huge flight of doves.

Pius XI advances to the front of the center balcony and standing well within view, he raises both arms in a gesture of paternal greeting. On the hot pavement, a little aside from the crowd, his hands raised in prayer, a rapt look on his weather-beaten face, kneels an old man, a peasant, come from some distant part of the country, maybe, to make his Jubilee and to receive this Blessing. A few steps behind him a young mother, also on bended knees, holds her little son in front of her, as if hoping that the Holy Father would notice him specially out of this vast sea of faces.

Stillness, fraught with intense emotion, descends upon all as Pius XI, his voice clear and audible, recites the prayers of the Apostolic Benediction and with his right hand traces the sign of the cross above the bared heads below. For several minutes he remains, silently gazing on the scene before him, as if wishing to imprint it forever on his memory. His face is pale and tired, but a look of almost supernatural happiness illuminates his features, because in the eyes of thousands of his children he has seen the Love of God. Slowly he turns and, taking up another tradition of his predecessors, he is carried back to his apartments in a sedan chair, and very shortly afterward returns to the Vatican. . . .

The ceremony, fraught with so much meaning, is over, but its spiritual influence, above the conception of human intelligence, will extend beyond the ages into eternity.

Travel Page

Here you can learn as easy as you please
The way to go by sea or go by land
To Smyrna or Beirut or Samarcand
Or Cyprus or the scattered Cyclades;
How much it costs to reach the Sicilies;
How many hours spent upon the way;
And that a boat leaves every other day
From Naples to the Gulf of Oranges.
And somehow as you read you seem to see—
Instead of a squat steamer crazily
Plunging in the steep waves—a rough-built raft,
Splashed by their wine-dark fury, little, low,
Whereon is one whom suddenly you know
Is the first voyager, Odysseus, great in craft.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Yellow Jack

A MINORITY opinion among the critics seems to hold that Sidney Howard's dramatization of the long battle against yellow fever, taken from a chapter in the book entitled, "The Microbe Hunters," is more of an illustrated lecture than a play in the best theatrical sense. The majority opinion seems to go almost to the other extreme in holding that "Yellow Jack" has enlarged the scope of the theatre itself. I find myself not quite in middle ground on this matter since I lean strongly to the view that Mr. Howard has done a magnificent job of dramatization, and that the only sense in which the performance fails to fit into the theatrical scheme is in the nature of its theme, which is, of necessity, so single minded as to lack much of the variety required by the average audience.

The play is run through without any intermission, thanks to the mechanical help of one of the most ingenious and pictorially exciting stage settings I have seen for a long time. This stage setting is the work of Jo Mielziner. It seems to me that in this setting with the infinite variety it permits in scenic illusion, he has achieved one of the few wholly successful architectural designs of the modern school. It is at all times subservient to the needs and purposes of the play whereas most of the architectural designers are inclined to give their work more prominence than the play itself, making it the master instead of the servant of the occasion. On the other hand, the very fact that Mr. Mielziner's setting permits a continuous performance is a handicap in the sense that it provides the audience with no interval of relief from the mental strain imposed by the theme of the play.

Mr. Howard has chosen to work backward in his story of the fight against yellow fever, showing us first the efforts made in 1929 to discover a serum against the dreaded tropical disease, and then carrying us through Stokes's experiment in west Africa in 1927, and finally, for the main story, back to Cuba in the summer and fall of 1900, just after the close of the war. A few of the characters in these various episodes are imaginary but the majority are such well-known historical personages as Adrian Stokes of the Rockefeller Foundation, Major Walter Reed who directed the fight against yellow fever in Cuba, his three famous assistants, Drs. Carrol, Lazear and Agramonte, Major William Gorgas, Major Cartwright, and Dr. Carlos Finlay. It was Dr. Finlay who first suspected the mosquito as the carrier of yellow fever, and it was Walter Reed and his group of assistants who finally decided that Dr. Finlay was not a crackpot but a serious scientific investigator. The main drama of the Howard story emerges of course from the fact that in Cuba it was decided that the only way of testing the truth of the mosquito theory was to use human beings as laboratory subjects. It was not known at that time that any other species of animal could be infected by the yellow fever virus, and Walter Reed's hardest battle was in getting the support of a group willing to use human subjects, with the terrific risk of life involved. For the most part, the subjects were volunteers, including Walter Reed's own three assistants. But, at one stage, according to the play as presented, an unsuspecting victim was used. Fortunately he rocevered, but it does seem that this one episode presents an unnecessary blemish upon the integrity of those conducting the experiment. It is one thing to have men risk their lives voluntarily for the sake of saving thousands of other lives. It is quite another thing to use a human being as an unsuspecting guinea pig.

It is obvious that this story, as told, has all the elements of dramatic suspense. And there are few writers for our stage today who know better than Mr. Howard how to extract the last ounce of theatrical value from dramatic possibilities of this magnitude. The scenes are all brief and to the point, indulging in a minimum of characterization. Some critics seem to feel that they are little more than scenarios but I very much doubt if human nature as represented in the audience could stand any prolongation of the suspense created. It is only the swift inexorable movement of the story which prevents it from becoming either a species of mental torture or a medical bore. The casting of this play—which, incidentally, Mr. Howard himself labels "not as a play but as a history"— has been expertly done by Guthrie McClintock, and directed by him with equal skill. (At the Martin Beck Theatre.)

Pius X Choir

THE ANNUAL concert of the Piux X Choir of the Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart is now definitely established as one of the musical events of the year, and the interest of each of these events extends today to the whole musical world, non-Catholic as well as Catholic. The concert this year, like the one last season, was held in Town Hall and the large audience comprised many of the leaders in New York's musical life. The program was the most ambitious of any yet given by the Choir, and comprised several works new to the singers, and probably to an American audience. There were of course a large number of compositions in the Gregorian modes, and these were sung with a mastery of this perhaps most difficult of musical styles. In addition to these there were an equally large number of works by the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century polyphonists, in which Mother Stevens's splendid training was evident in the mastery of melodic line, the extraordinary perfection of intonation, in phrasing, and in quality of tone.

Among the most interesting of these were Palestrina's "Gloriosi Principes," Orlando De Lassus's "Convertere," Vittoria's "Domine Non Sum Dignus," and one modern Italian work, Oreste Ravanello's "Polyphonic Verses." In all of these the Choir was at its best, and in all it succeeded in that most difficult of feats for the modern singer, the perfect musical expression of the spiritual, the uplifting of art above the clouds and confusions of earthly life. Attendance at these concerts of the Pius X Choir should be made obligatory not only to those interested in the liturgy of the Church, but to all who wish to know

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what is highest in musical expression. What a lesson it would be if Mother Stevens's Choir could give at least one concert a year in every diocese in the country, a concert attended by each parish organist! It could not fail but improve the quality of music in many of our churches. It is foolish to insist on the difficulty of singing properly Gregorian and kindred forms of music. The Pius X Choir is not composed of any extraordinarily picked body of singers, and its success is due only to skilful training and devotion to the ideal which caused Pope Pius X to issue his Motu Proprio. Under the tutelage of a skilled teacher such singing is possible in any parish, and it is up to the pastors and the organists to realize this. The full beauty of the liturgy of the Church is impossible of attainment without a proper understanding of ecclesiastical music, and the concerts of the Pius X Choir are a living example of what this music is.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

COMMUNICATIONS

WILL THE RUSSIANS COME BACK?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Dr. Edwin Ryan in his interesting article of February 9, regarding the conversion of Archbishop Alexandrof and its significant effect on the Russian Orthodox throughout the world, has raised the very important question of the attitude of Latin Catholics toward the multitudes of Russian schismatics, who are looking toward the Church of Rome in a more kindly manner since humanity has been uprooted in their native land. Dr. Ryan's plea for sympathy and friendliness for these Russians may well be extended so as to include all Christians who worship God according to an Eastern ritual. No one who has even the remotest experience in these matters, will deny that in many quarters within our own communion, these Orientals are regarded with an air of unwarranted suspicion, which in turn begets hostility only too often. This situation is unfortunately due in most instances to ignorance. This ignorance concerning the millions of Orientals separated from Rome may be excused in a certain sense. Yet how many of us, even among the clergy, have clear notions regarding the Uniate Orientals, their precious heritage, their divisions, legislation or ritual?

Obviously it is foolhardy to appeal for sympathy or to hope for friendliness, unless first there be acquired knowledge or precise general notions regarding our Oriental brethren, both separate and uniate; unless we realize that the Uniates are really an integral part of the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church and that the Orthodox bodies are in truth very similar to us in their beliefs and teachings. The Orthodox stands in every way nearer to the Catholic Church than any other religious body. First of all, the Orthodox agree with us Catholics in the ecumenical Christian ideas, as Harnack expressed it. Yet, for that matter, Trinitarian Protestants do likewise. And still, Trinitarian Protestants are separated by exceedingly greater distances from the Catholic Church than the Orthodox Christians are.

In endeavoring to convey this idea, Dr. Ryan has stated: "Apart from the Roman primacy, the differences between us and them [the Russian Orthodox] are microscopic [if they exist at all]." Surely it was Dr. Ryan's intention to stress the doctrinal proximity of the Russian Orthodox communion to the Church of Rome. Yet, in his eagerness to make his point, he has unduly minimized the distance separating us. Regardless of the doctrine of the primacy, there are many differences of doctrine and of ritual (implying diverse doctrinal conclusions) which in accordance with sound theology may not be styled "microscopic."

First of all, there is that controversy of nearly a thousand years between Orthodox and Catholics concerning the procession of the Holy Spirit. The Church has always endeavored to be considerate of Oriental feelings in this dispute. This is particularly true of the second Council of Lyons held under Pope Gregory X (1274) and of the Council of Florence under Pope Eugene IV (1439). Yet the Orthodox have magnified the "Filioque" controversy and have used it as a weapon to stir up the faithful against the Church of Rome. The Roman Pontiffs have not insisted on the insertion of the words "from the Father *and* the Son" in the Creeds. In fact, the Uniate Orientals do not use them. But we must not forget that in spite of this concession, anyone wishing to profess the Catholic faith must accept the declaration of the Council of Florence which defined that the "Holy Spirit proceeds in all eternity from the Father *and* the Son as from *one* source and by *one* spiration" (cf. Bull "Laetentur coeli," July 6, 1439). The Orthodox maintain today as they have for centuries, that the Holy Spirit proceeds from God the Father alone.

Some may say that this is mere quibbling; that it makes no great difference how or from Whom the Holy Spirit proceeds, as long as the Orthodox admit that the Holy Spirit is God. Yet it will be seen that this error of the Easterners strikes at the very roots of the dogma of the Trinity. For if the Holy Spirit does not proceed from the Son as well as from the Father, He is not a Person really distinct from the Son. The Holy Spirit cannot be distinguished from the Father or the Son by anything positive or absolute (otherwise He would either have something they have not, or lack something they have, and there would be a limitation in God). He is God and the only manner in which He may be distinguished from the other Divine Persons is by a real relation. If the Holy Spirit, therefore, does not proceed from the Son, there is no real relation existing between Him and the Son, and the Second and Third Persons are identified. This gives us a "Binity"—so to speak—not a Trinity: obviously a very fundamental difference in belief between Catholics and Orthodox.

The Fathers of the Council of Florence permitted the Orthodox to use the expression "from the Father *through* the Son," provided that this phrase were accepted as meaning that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father *and* the Son, as *from one source*. The Orthodox subscribed to this at Florence, but later repudiated it. The Russian Orthodox still repudiate it.

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Again, the Russian Orthodox Church, while cherishing a beautiful devotion to Our Lady, denies her Immaculate Conception. It is true that through the centuries various Fathers and theologians of the Eastern Church infer that Mary was preserved free from original sin from the very first moment of her existence. Yet, the fact remains that today all the Orthodox bodies deny the dogma of the Immaculate Conception which was defined in 1854 by Pope Pius IX. This difference of belief between the two Churches cannot be styled microscopic or negligible. It is no mere ritualistic or rubrical squabble. It centers about an article of faith.

Certainly the "Filioque" controversy would constitute a real problem for the Orthodox cleric contemplating reunion with Rome. Some feel, however, that the average Orthodox layman would not be seriously deterred from entering the Church because of this dispute. This may be true, but there are many who assert that the anti-Roman, Filioque prejudice is deeply rooted, even in the rank and file. It is further claimed that the traditional devotion of the Russian people to the Mother of God, would facilitate the acceptance of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. Even if both these contentions be granted, for the sake of argument, there is another doctrinal difference which is by no means microscopic or non-existent, in the teaching of the Russian Orthodox Church regarding the indissolubility of marriage. This is a practical difficulty of supreme importance, which can and unfortunately does enter into the lives of individuals with increasing frequency in these days when the plague of divorce is becoming constantly more widespread and perilous.

Since the days of Justinian, the Eastern Church has evinced a weakness of position concerning the indissolubility of marriage. Rome has stood firm against every move of the emperors to usurp power over the institution and dissolution of wedlock. The East on the other hand, intimidated by Caesaropapism, has surrendered. The result has been a lamentable defection from the Christian concept of indissoluble marriage. Occasionally through the centuries we find an Orthodox bishop protesting against the civil legislation permitting divorce on so many grounds, but the Easterners in an overwhelming majority have acquiesced to the laws of Caesar which are a glaring violation of the legislation of Christ.

Unfortunately, in the separated Oriental Churches, marriage has lost that character of indissolubility, which belongs to it by divine law and which has been regarded by the Fathers as an essential property of matrimony. It might safely be said that in the Separated Churches marriage is well nigh dissoluble at will.

In the first place, the Russian Orthodox Church and all the other schismatic Oriental Churches grant absolute divorce on the grounds of adultery. Moreover, before the fall of Constantinople, the Orthodox Church had recognized as grounds for absolute divorce: (1) prenuptial unchastity on the part of the wife; (2) unnatural vice of the husband; (3) implacable hatred of both parties; and (4) apostacy.

During the past century the patriarchal synod of Constantinople granted divorces on such grounds as (1) a serious malady befalling one of the parties, e.g., blindness or paralysis; (2) incompatibility of temper; (3) desertion for a period of three years or even less; and (4) the commission of a crime by one of the parties, followed by a sentence involving notable disgrace.

Father Joyce, S.J., in his recent work entitled "Christian Marriage" gives a list of many Orthodox clerics who have at times opposed indiscriminate divorce. But he points out that even the rigorists among them, such as Macarios Bulgakov, one of the most prominent Russian theologians of the nineteenth century, hold that adultery constitutes a real exception to the indissolubility of Christian marriage and is a valid basis for absolute divorce. If anyone would learn how completely the virus of divorce has permeated the Orient, let him ponder the causes of the objections proposed by the ambassador of Venice, at the Council of Trent, when there arose the question of defining the indissolubility of marriage.

With centuries of imperial usurpation in matters matrimonial and of explicit ecclesiastical sanction of divorce, behind them, the Russian Orthodox must of necessity encounter a deep-rooted divergence of belief and a serious difficulty in the Catholic doctrine of absolute intrinsic indissolubility. The perverse social conditions prevalent in our own day (and particularly in Russia)—which are comparable to the most flagrant abuses of the Byzantine emperors—add to the obstacles to be surmounted by our Russian brethren in their efforts to board Peter's Bark.

Indeed the Orthodox Church stands in every way nearer to the Church of Rome than any other religious body. In the past the Orthodox who sought to thwart reunion, based their objection on trivial matters and details; as one writer says, "on sacristy questions." This was in great measure the trend of the reply made by Anthimius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, to the encyclical, "Praeclara," of Leo XIII published on June 20, 1894, when the great Pontiff appealed in a paternal tone for the reunion of the Churches of the East and the West. But, as Duchesne pointed out, there were greater and more serious causes of disunion than those enumerated by the Anthimius in his caustic reply.

Consequently, we are not realists if, in our commendable zeal and enthusiasm for reunion, we ignore the serious differences between the two bodies or, if we naively close our eyes to the doctrinal chasm which must still be spanned, before we may hope for anything like an intelligent, sincere and lasting union.

In the meantime let intelligent Catholics inform themselves regarding the Eastern Church, its history, doctrines and divisions. This will enable us the better to understand the real difficulties of returning Russians and so dispose us to be more sympathetic and helpful to those seeking the light. But above all, let us pray, especially after Mass, as Pope Pius XI has ordered, that He Who was born in the East and brought Light to the West, may bring back from the West His Light to the East.

Rev. James H. Griffiths.

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BOOKS

One Poor Woman

The Crimson Queen, Mary Tudor, by Daniel Henderson. New York: Duffield and Green. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH "The Crimson Queen" is a superficial book, yet I like it very much, perhaps because of my sympathy for Mary Tudor, who never obtained either from her contemporaries, from posterity or from historians the justice to which she was entitled. Overshadowed by the great figure of her sister Elizabeth, it became a sort of *parti pris* to find the latter perfection, and to endow poor Mary not only with all the faults which she possessed but with numerous others she did not have. She was never given credit for her good intentions, for her courage under most difficult and trying circumstances, or for the real instincts of statesmanship which guided her at the beginning of her reign. People have refused to see that she had many of the good traits of the Tudors, and have made out of her a sort of monster enjoying the sufferings inflicted by her order on the victims not of her ruthlessness, but of their own mistakes, follies and unjustified ambitions. They have also refused to acknowledge the many handicaps which she had to overcome all through her life, or to notice that toward its end she was no longer entirely responsible for her actions, being under the influence of a pathological condition of body as well as of mind. Had it not been for the unfortunate marriage into which she was beguiled with Philip of Spain, it is likely that Mary's career might have unfolded in quite a different manner, and that the queen might have predominated over the woman, instead of the reverse. No one can fall madly in love for the first time only after having reached middle age, without this fact making itself conspicuous.

Mr. Henderson touches upon this point with great delicacy, but very thoroughly, and the last chapters of his book in which he underlines it, are perhaps its most interesting ones. But of special interest are the first chapters in which he shows us Mary struggling against all her mother's and her own enemies, and against the tyranny of Henry VIII. There he gives us a charming picture of the young girl, with the instinct of good that predominated in her character, gentle and kind, and devoted to her family, and caring even for the sister whose birth had dispossessed her of the rank which belonged to her by right, and who never was grateful for the care which she took of her.

Considering its subject, the book is too short. Greater stress ought to have been laid on the fight between Catholics and Protestants, for and against Mary, not only during her father and her brother's reigns, but also during her own. Mr. Henderson dismisses this with too much alacrity, being evidently in haste to pass on to Mary Tudor's marriage with Philip II, and the disillusions and disappointments which followed upon it. He seems to fear to discuss in detail the part which religious fervor and religious intolerance undoubtedly played in her life, and this is to be regretted; he certainly could

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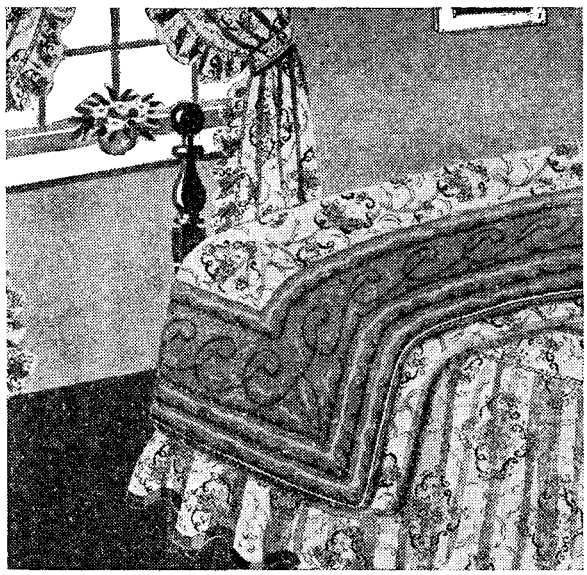

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Next Week

GOLD, by Gerhard Hirschfeld, is a clear and sound analysis of the function of this medium of effecting exchanges of goods and services, and of the castellated and oriflammed edifice of credit superimposed on it in recent history; also a critique of some of the plans for alternative, "managed" mediums of exchange. In the midst of a situation which has been strained with complications, Mr. Hirschfeld follows a fairly simple line of facts and reasonableness. . . . WHY NOT JEFFERSON? by Henry Carter, suggests a solution to the always difficult problem of when and why the United States government should recognize governments which have come to power through revolutions. "In the earlier and simpler days of the republic, a policy of dealing with questions of recognition was established by Thomas Jefferson," Mr. Carter says. "Jefferson assumed as fundamental the right of any nation to order its internal political affairs as it saw fit without outside comment or interference. If it saw fit to indulge in revolution—and Jefferson was a great believer in revolutions—that was its own business, and American recognition was automatically extended to whatever government came to power regardless of its security in office. This sane and healthy policy greatly simplified our problems in international intercourse, and remained the continuing policy of the American government for over a century." Mr. Carter cites cases illustrating the effectiveness of the plan and the ineffectiveness of other plans. . . . LOURDES IN SPRINGTIME, by Sister Rose Marie, is a vivid and charming sketch. . . . ON KILLING TWO BIRDS IN SCHOOL, by Francis P. Donnelly, clarifies a cultural purpose.

have destroyed some of the unjust legends hovering about Mary's memory, had he drawn to the attention of his readers the fact that fervor and intolerance are two different things, and that Mary possessed the former but not the latter. She was, however, weak on some points, and allowed herself to be influenced by men far more ruthless than she, men who, fearing for their fortunes or their ambitions, urged her to allow the slaying of their enemies who they represented to her were also her own.

Of course the execution of Lady Jane Grey was a terrible thing, because this child of seventeen had merely been an instrument in the hands of the unscrupulous people who deserted her after having forced her into a position she had never desired to occupy. But Mary hesitated a long time before she consented to send her cousin to the block, and her conduct in regard to her had none of the refined cruelty, hypocrisy and unscrupulousness displayed by Elizabeth in her persecution of Mary Stuart. Yet Elizabeth is excused, while her sister remains condemned forever. In the case of both these Queens, people forget that they lived in an age when human life did not have the value placed upon it today, but many more dreadful things happened during Elizabeth's reign than during Mary's, and the former's treatment of Catholics and Catholic priests was far more inhuman than even the execution by fire of Ridley and Latimer. And as for Cranmer, he may not have deserved the stake, but certainly he deserved to die.

Historically the book is accurate and well documented although, as I have said, it is superficial. It contains, however, one curious mistake, that of mentioning Elizabeth of Valois as the second wife of Philip II instead of the third, and as the predecessor of Mary Tudor, while in reality she was married to Philip in the year 1559, twelve months and a few days after Mary's death.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Philosophy in Survey

The Quest of Reality: An Introduction to the Study of Philosophy, by Right Reverend Monsignor Walshe. St. Louis, Mo.: The Herder Book Company. $4.25.

"THE QUEST OF REALITY!" What a thrilling title. It conjures up visions of speculative Galahads and philosophical Parsifals doing chivalrous battle against Red Knights of error, monsters of deception and all enemies of truth. A book with such a picturesque title ought to be a great book. Would that there were no divergence between what ought to be and what is!

In this "Introduction to the Study of Philosophy" Monsignor Walshe gives his readers almost six hundred pages of erudite misinformation about philosophers and their views. Illustrations relieve the eye, maps give local reference, and analytical schemata summarize complicated systematic expositions. Although the author "would stress its humble claim as being only an Introduction, offered as a 'blazing of the trail,' a tentative effort," "The Quest of Reality" leaves the impression that Monsignor Walshe earnestly endeavored to share with others the fruits of

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his long, laborious life of study. His effort manifests magnanimity of purpose, a good grounding in the classics, familiarity with books, and much reading in philosophical literature both in English and in foreign languages. But the author fails to make intelligent use of his materials. The mass of erudition in his book is ill-digested and clumsily handled. Historical inaccuracies frequently disfigure or distort the views of the great thinkers of the past. As philosophy "The Quest of Reality" is superficial and devoid of insight, tedious to read and disappointing. As a history of philosophy it is not reliable even as a catalogue of philosophers' opinions.

The author is an admirer of Saint Augustine and a loyal adherent of Saint Thomas, but his loyalty and admiration are unsupported by adequate thinking. His comparisons between different currents of thought and his interpretations of the philosophical outlook of more than one prominent thinker are frequently both ponderous and inaccurate. The book is not a valuable contribution to the literature of philosophy.

No reviewer who realizes how earnestly and sincerely an author has labored for a good cause and how dearly he holds the child of his labors enjoys writing so severe a criticism as this. It is much more pleasant to praise. However, I am informed that "The Quest of Reality" is to be found on the library shelves of secular universities in this country and is quoted as a sample of the lack of scholarship of which Catholic writers on philosophy are often accused. I trust that these circumstances may justify a frankness which to some readers of this review may seem unkind.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

A Catholic Patriot

Commodore John Barry, Father of the American Navy, by Joseph Gurn. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $3.50.

A CIVILIZATION enriches the souls of men to the extent that its people acknowledge and honor the moral and intellectual aristocracy of its exceptional men. An intellectual and moral aristocracy rules the best possible world. This idea does not fit easily into the popular jig-saw puzzle of the state-makers who believe the belt line unwrinkled by hunger to be the horizon of progress. It fits less easily into the educational project where the microcosm of the new world is a classroom where the absolute value of a child's work is determined by the child itself. No, with all respect to the prophets of the proletarian paradise, man lives neither by his belly nor by the interests of the common lives of common men. A man lives by the inspiration of heroes. Modern Ireland, Poland and Italy began to live as God intended they should live, free, self-sustaining, and creative, when the children of these nations remembered their heroic past and planned the future by the majesty of the days when their fathers before them were greater than they.

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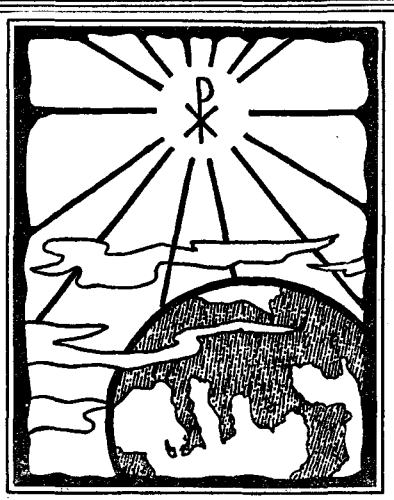

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mediocrity might be depressed by a heroic statute. But Commodore Jack Barry escaped that fate; in fact the Irish-American Founder of the Navy hardly ever got into the classrooms at all. A powerful and dishonorable tradition saw to it that a better actor, Paul Jones, took the leading part in the Yankee textbook saga of the sea.

The little navy of our young nation may not have been as important as we think it should have been in establishing the freedom of the colonies, but the part it played was dramatic, ingenuous and generous. And Commodore John Barry not only fathered this navy but gave it these characteristically American traditions.

Because Barry was big in soul and body, because the United States needs now very much the inspiration of his selfless life, because Barry rightly belongs to the aristocracy of America's heroes, it is sad to say that this effortful book of Mr. Gurn is not his biography. There is evidence throughout the book of long and patient research, but there seems to be absent a sense of discrimination about the relative value of his findings. If the book was intended for scholars, then much of the information about contemporary events might have been presumed of such readers. If the book was intended for popular reading, the quotations from second-rate and third-rate sources might have been eliminated or put in an appendix. The parenthetical asides and far too frequent moralizings of the author on men and events are irritating and distracting.

Barry is still as shy to historians as he was to his unfamiliar contemporaries. For a knowledge of seamanship, a creative ability to understand the half-said thing, a sympathetic comprehension of colonial life, all these must be in the genius of a Barry biographer; but the Father of the American Navy, brave generous Jack Barry, still lies buried deep under the leaves of scholars' notes and the rhetoric flowers of Memorial Day.

JOHN MONAGHAN.

Pathfinders

The Explorers of North America (1492-1806), *by John Bartlet Brebner. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $3.50.

DR. BREBNER'S task has been rather like that of the explorers themselves. What he does is to discover the relationship between a hundred voyages, which began in places as far apart as St. Petersburg and Montreal, and which ended anywhere and everywhere between Panama and the Arctic Ocean. Each was a very great adventure; each has had its effect, economic or otherwise, upon world history, and most have a moral sardonic enough to have been invented.

The recurrence of this moral is what helps to make of the exploration of North America one of the greatest of all stories. Some superb things were attempted here with some of the most discouraging results. When Hudson had found the great bay, when de Soto had seen the great river, when the Verendryes had crossed from the Saskatchewan to the upper Missouri, when Mackenzie had found the northern sea, there may have been prayers,

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but they were not prayers of thanksgiving. The explorers had opened up a continent, but it would be generations before the world was ready to occupy it. They had found what they were looking for, only they were looking for something else. They were all failures. Their discoveries were disappointments.

Of course this has been gone over very often before now; but not in one book, or in many books, has it been told so effectively. Histories which attempt to advance simultaneously along a dozen different fronts usually are neatly full of nothing, or too complex and cumbersome to follow at all. But this one goes along in the way a book should. The explorers, wherever articulate, are allowed their own words; the others are taken care of very well indeed. Nameless and obscure traders are given as much attention as the famous leaders who often enough were following trails which the former had opened up.

Finally it should be said that Dr. Brebner knows how to evoke the realities of the map. For instance, he has made it easy for us all to appreciate the fact that a journey from Santa Fe to the vicinity of present Salt Lake City must have been a heroic enterprise; and that a year and a half was very fast time for an overland trip from Hudson's Bay to the Arctic Sea and back.

VINCENT ENGELS.

A Master of the Lyric

The Moon Mender, by John Richard Moreland. Dallas, Texas: The Kaleidograph Press. $1.50.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND, many of whose lyrics have appeared in THE COMMONWEAL, gives us in "The Moon Mender" his fifth collection of deft, well-wrought and always truly felt lyrics. If there are fewer flashes of magic in this book, there is a deeper and more brooding thought. The poet is still at his best in sudden lovely imagery of the sort only possible to one who day by day loves and feeds upon the wistful beauty of the world. He writes of the ocean

> ". . . blue as the flower of the hyssop
> Or grey as skies when the snow-bees
> Darken the sun with their swarming. . ."

and surely the imagery there is as fresh and daring as a poet of the Greek anthology might have achieved, or those nature-seers and nature lovers, Fionn MacCool and his son Oisin. And again with perfect sophisticated mastery of smooth phrase he writes of

> "Blue bending waves, a sudden sail,
> The proud perennial grace of birds,
> Or bright fragility of hail."

Poems celebrating the sea, blossoms, simple flowers, are very personal to this bard; there are other poems of deep religious feeling, and still others of broader social import. Like the author's previous books, it will be a treasure to the devotee of the lyric.

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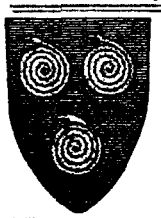
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Briefer Mention

The Werewolf, by Montague Summers. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

THOSE familiar with Mr. Summer's "The Vampire" will know what to expect when they see the present title announced. It is a curious work on lycanthropy and other forms of real or imaginary assumption by man of wolfish characteristics. The erudition is really astonishing. While the author complains of space limitations, his book arrays citation after citation, in seemingly endless files, in order to show what history and tradition have to say on this esoteric subject. Almost every old clerk who left a note about werewolves duly appears with his little speech. Nor is the topic less important than many another. If there were nothing pertinent in literature excepting "Little Red Riding Hood," the stimulus given the imagination by the monster under consideration would be worth any historian's while. It is difficult to say how far Mr. Summers himself is credulous. Occasionally he seems to possess a genuinely *fin de siècle* conviction that the werewolf is important. Again, however, there are traces of scepticism in the commentary. Not all the details are as wholesome as they might be, but this fault is duly compensated for by many ejaculations of piety.

Nietzsche, by Gerald Abraham, New York: The Macmillan Company. $.75.

WRITTEN for the "Great Lives" series, Mr. Abraham's little book is a succinct and reliable compendium of information concerning Nietzsche. The author allows himself little room for comment, but his attitude toward the life itself is decently reverent and objective. One might, however, observe in criticism of a statement on page 37 that really quite a few Germans have disliked beer.

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